

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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"IF THERE BE A DESTINY·IT IS OF NO AVAIL TO US UNLESS WE WORK WITH IT··THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE WILL BE OF NO ADVANTAGE TO US UNLESS WE PROCEED IN THE SAME DIRECTION··IF WE PERCEIVE A DESTINY IN AMERICA·IF WE BELIEVE THAT PROVIDENCE HAS BEEN THE GUIDE·OUR OWN SUCCESS·OUR OWN SALVATION·REQUIRE THAT WE SHOULD ACT AND SERVE IN HARMONY AND OBEDIENCE"

—Extract from Memorial Day Address, 1923, by Calvin Coolidge, then Vice-President

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THE DOG AS A CARRIER OF DISEASE

IT is an unwelcome thought to many who love their pets, whether cats or dogs, that the animals may on occasion be a source of great danger to the persons who dwell in the same house with them. Nevertheless it is a fact and must be faced in the interest of the health both of children and of adults. Children are in greater danger, for they not only roll on the floor with the dog and caress him but are more susceptible to the diseases that the dog may transmit.

Tuberculosis is not an uncommon disease in dogs; they acquire it either from persons or from other dogs. Hydrophobia is the most dangerous and fatal of all canine disorders, but fortunately it is rare. A victim of the disease, running amuck and biting a number of animals as well as men, may start an epidemic. It is a commendable precaution to have your own dog vaccinated against rabies. Such forethought may save not only the dog's life but human life as well. Ringworm is probably transmissible from the child to the dog, and vice versa, though true mange is said not to be. However, when a dog shows mangy patches in his skin he should be kept away from the family and should be treated for the eruption.

Dogs are susceptible to tapeworm; and some of the worms the dog harbors may grow in the human intestine. One of them is small, but makes up in numbers what it lacks in size. Fleas take up the eggs of this worm and so may carry them to members of the family. The bladder worm is the most dangerous of the parasites that the dog may transfer to man. It is the larva of a species of tapeworm not uncommon in the dog, and, though it is small, it often occurs in great numbers. The symptoms are obscure, since the dog tolerates even large numbers of the worm. The most common symptom is an itching under the tail, which causes the animal to drag himself along the floor in a sitting posture. The larvae may reach the child when the dog licks the child's hands or, worse, his face and lips. These larvae form cysts in the organs of the host as an intermediate stage of their existence, and it is the cysts that constitute the danger to man. It is a good plan to have a veterinarian examine every pet dog at regular intervals. Or, if no veterinarian is to be had, it will do no harm to give the animal a dose of worm medicine from time to time.

IN TRAINING

ELLEN beat a small clenched fist passionately into a small open palm. "I can't stand it, Miss Sybil!" she cried. "I just can't stand it! Here is Coralie Haines going to the city now, and she hasn't half the right to go that I have, not half! It isn't conceit, I'd work and work and work; I'd work twenty hours out of the twenty-four and love every minute of it. And Coralie is a little flutter-bug who never sticks to anything for three months. Yet she has the chance, a perfectly glorious chance, and I have to stay here shut up in a little country village with no opportunities within two hundred miles. Will you tell me where the justice is in that?"

Because her head was high and her face was turned away so that Miss Sybil should not see how close the tears were Ellen missed the tenderness in the woman's eyes.

"What is an artist, Ellen?" she asked. "One who creates beauty," the girl replied. "That's a big definition—pretty far along the road. Suppose you begin a little farther back."

Ellen thought for a moment. "One who loves beauty, I suppose, though that alone wouldn't make an artist, Miss Sybil, and you know it. An artist is one who does!"

"Yes, but he must love before he can create, and sometimes he must learn to see before he loves, Ellen. Are you sure you have finished the preliminary course?"

Ellen said nothing, but a quick movement showed that she was listening.

"The greatest artist of all is the one who has learned not only to see and love but to create beauty wherever he is. He is such a creator that he has to pour out his gift. You've seen pictures, wonderful technically, that never touched you at all. Sometimes, you see, you need training of the soul even more than training of the hand."

"If I ever in my life knew anyone who made one feel so small!" Ellen cried. "And," she added, "all life so large!"

She looked round, laughing ruefully but pluckily. "I failed in my major; there's nothing to do but to take it over. And I'll try not to fail this time, Miss Sybil."

EASY ENOUGH FOR THE MASAI

THE experiences of Mr. Carl E. Akeley on the game trails of Africa make as thrilling a book of hunting stories as one is likely ever to read. Of hunting lions he writes:

Neither beating, baiting nor hounding is the sportsmanlike way of hunting lions; it is spearing, and spearing requires a black man. In one trip of twenty days we rounded up five lions in a bunch, and the blacks killed three of the five. Altogether we got ten lions and five leopards. A leopard mauled one boy; a lion bit another on the leg. Those were the only injuries. Not a shot was fired during the twenty days. Our last encounter was with five old lions, three of which the boys speared; besides, we captured three cubs alive; but we took no pictures.

Paul Rainey had a ranch on the west shore of Lake Naivasha. One morning his boys reported to him that a lion had invaded the kraal the night before. Rainey set out on horseback with a few of his dogs and two Masai herd boys with their spears. The dogs soon took up the spoor of the lion and brought him to bay under an acacia tree on the grassy plain. The sun had just risen above the hills on the other side of the lake, and the long shadows of the table-top acacias lay across the plain; the lion underneath was in full sunlight. Rainey jumped off his horse and, throwing the reins over a bush, grabbed his rifle from its boot. He saw the two Masai boys run forward. As they approached the lion one threw his spear and missed. They were between him and the lion, and he could not shoot.

The boys stood stock still till the lion was in midair in his final spring; then the one who had not thrown his spear stepped to one side and thrust it into the lion's neck, killing him instantly. As the boy withdrew the weapon and carefully wiped the blood off on the corner of his breechcloth he remarked to Rainey: "You see, master, it is work for a child."

That is how the Masai reasoned, but I never have felt that way. The first wild lion I ever saw scared me almost to death, and a good many have scared me since.

AN APOLOGY TO ALFRED

AS anyone knows who has read that brilliant but rather disconcerting novel *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler was not a slavish admirer of the institution of the family. His own life at home had not been happy, and we remember that in his *Note-Books* he referred to some Biblical character—Melchizedek, was it not?—as a "really happy man—without father, without mother and without descent." But Butler, no more than the rest of us, could get along without affection. He had a few close friends and was most faithful perhaps to the least deserving.

There was a curious relationship between Butler and his man servant Alfred. What it was like can best be illustrated by a letter that Alfred wrote him in 1891.

Dear Sir: I hope you arrived quite safe on Tuesday and found your sister well. . . I have a little complaint to make. You never looked out of the carriage to see me standing on the platform as I always do. There was I standing in the rain, and you never looked at me. Yours truly, Alfred.

On receiving the letter Butler sent an apology by telegram, and Alfred replied:

Received telegram this morning; thank you. I showed it to Mr. Jones, and he laughed. I forgive you. Alfred.

HE DIDN'T NEED TO BE TOLD

A CERTAIN sales manager down in Connecticut, says Hidden Treasure, was administering a well-deserved rebuke to one of his salesmen recently. The salesman became indignant and said, "Don't talk to me that way! I take orders from no man!" "I noticed that in the report of your last trip," replied the sales manager softly.

THE SUBTLE CHILD

LITTLE Elinora, aged nine, who has recently moved from a distant city, corresponds frequently with Mary, who was her closest chum. A few days ago Elinora received a letter from Mary in which she said:

"Tell me when your birthday comes, for I want to send you a present. My birthday is next Tuesday."



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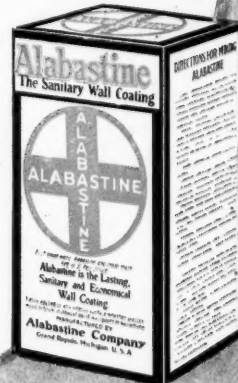
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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A TRYING EXCHANGE



TWILIGHT of a spring day had fallen on the little St. George Valley in southwestern Utah when Jimmy Cannon stopped his team at the ford of a small creek meandering through the farm lands to the Rio Virgin and let the horses

drink. The boy—he was sixteen years old, thin and freckled, but with a well-shaped head and alert blue eyes steady with the man's responsibilities that he had been carrying for three years—leaped to the ground and went upstream a short distance above the ramshackle wagon to quench his own thirst.

At that moment a brownish-white streak, a cotton-tail rabbit that had been crouching in the willows, cut almost across the noses of the drinking horses. One of them, a colt, reared and frightened its team mate, and both animals whirled and started down the watercourse.

The boy leaped for the wagon, but failed to reach it. With a noise like a miniature roll of thunder the runaway clattered over the stony bed of the stream. One of the rear wheels of the ancient wagon collapsed with a crash. The other followed. Then the front wheels went, and then the bed. Half a mile down the stream the horses came to a stop and waited, quivering, for the boy to overtake them.

For a moment after his arrival Jimmy surveyed the wreck in silence. Then he quietly unhooked the traces from the mass of splinters that had once been a wagon, laid the neck yoke and doubletrees out of the way on the bank, swung himself to the broad back of the mare and set out at a brisk gait for a little farmhouse a short distance away.

His face as he rode was serious. The loss of the wagon meant hard times for Jimmy and his mother; his father had made the great sacrifice and now slept in France. Jimmy and his mother had a tiny farm, the produce of which, together with the odd jobs that Jimmy could pick up, enabled them to live and keep square with the world. For three years Jimmy had been his mother's support, and he carried his burden as dependably as a man. By dint of much perseverance he had obtained a job hauling sand for the construction of a big dam that was building at the upper end of the valley. He was to start work in a week. But now the wagon was gone, and, since he had no money to buy and small chance of borrowing another, it looked as if the job had gone with it.

After supper he and his mother talked the matter over. "A new wagon costs a lot of money," Mrs. Cannon said and sighed. "And right now we haven't it. We'll have to see Mr. Andrews at St. George and find out whether he will sell us a wagon on time. I'll go in with you tomorrow."

"I'll go in; you don't need to. I can drop round after I've taken the milk to the creamery."

"All right, Mister Cannon." His mother smiled whimsically and regarded her son proudly. "You attend to the business matters." The remark was typical of Jimmy Cannon's mother. She always respected her son's manhood.

The following morning Jimmy came out of the Andrews Mercantile Co. of St. George with a feeling that all was not well with the world. In reply to his request for a wagon on credit Mr. Andrews had shaken his head decidedly. "Can't do it, my boy," he had said. "Times are too tight. I'll have to have cash."

The words did not fool Jimmy, however; he knew the real reason for the storekeeper's action. Mr. Andrews did not care to trust him, because he felt that he, Jimmy, was

too young to get credit, even though for some time he had been doing a man's work. It was discouraging.

Thinking over the storekeeper's words, Jimmy slowly untied the mare from the rail and started to climb into the buggy.

Just then a small automobile, rattling loudly, drew up to the rail beside his buggy. The motor backfired when the driver switched off the ignition, and a whistling jet of steam shot upward from the radiator cap. It was the "peanut wagon," the famous, much misused car of Peter Murray, the driver.

Murray was massive and dark. He looked more like an ogre than like the shrewd, backwoods farmer that he certainly was, for his acres of irrigated farm land were as numerous as the leaves on a tree. Murray was rich. Incidentally he was a director in the big irrigation project on which Jimmy had obtained the job of hauling.

Jimmy waited until Murray reappeared from the store. The big farmer was accompanied by another man, and the two were laughing as they came through the screen doors.

"Sa-ay, Pete," drawled a lanky man who was sunning himself on the store porch, "hear tell Charley Haines quit ye?"

"Yeh," Murray stopped to answer. "He



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD RICHEL

The big man heaved round in his seat

quit all right; I helped him off the place with m' foot. He's no-account."

"That's what I told ye when ye hired him. Saw Charley awhile ago. Didn't seem to like the way ye treated him. Said he didn't know nuthin' 'bout that place in your lower field." The speaker chuckled.

"Lucky I saved the horses," observed the big man. He got into the car and wedged himself behind the wheel. Then it was that the freckled Jimmy clambered from his buggy and accosted him.

"Mr. Murray, may I talk with you a minute?" The boys' blue eyes were alive.

Raising his black eyebrows, the big man heaved round in his seat and looked at the tall fellow beside the car. Thus encouraged, Jimmy hurriedly said he needed a wagon and could see no way of getting one. "You see," he finished, "I've just got to have a wagon. Can you stake me, Mr. Murray? You know our crops and my summer's job, and"—jerking his thumb at the store—"I want to pay that old skinflint in there cash."

During the recital a calculating look had come into Murray's eyes. Once his mouth twitched oddly. "Say, Jimmy," he said when the boy stopped, "I'll do better than that by you. Remember I bought a couple of wagons from Andrews a month ago? One of 'em hasn't been used a half dozen times. I don't need it—can't use it any more," he added hastily. "We-el," he concluded in a drawl, "I might consider lettin' you have it. Maybe we could strike up a deal."

Jimmy leaned against the dusty car and thought quickly. Murray was known as a shrewd trader, but here was a chance to get a wagon, and a wagon he had to have. "What kind of a deal?"

Again Murray's mouth twitched. "I'll make a sacrifice, Jimmy," he said. "I'll do right by you. I was out your way yestiddy and saw you had a bull calf. Holstein, wa'n't it?"

"Uh-huh," Jimmy nodded thoughtfully. "I'll swap you the wagon for the calf and a little boot."

Jimmy considered the question. He hated to lose the calf, but he could raise more calves, and he couldn't make a wagon. "How much boot?" he asked suddenly.

"Say twenty-five dollars, seein' it's you."

"Too much on a trade sight unseem," replied Jimmy decidedly. "Give you ten!"

"Twenty. I'll come down first and last."

Jimmy removed his battered hat and scratched his head vigorously. Murray sank lower in his seat. The blue and the gray eyes met warily.

Forty-five minutes later

Jimmy reached into his hip pocket and drew forth his father's old wallet. From it he took the check that he had received from the creamery for the previous week's milk—thirteen dollars and sixty-nine cents. He showed it to Murray. "I'll indorse that to you," he said sadly. "But it's highway robbery and nothing else."

"Make it fourteen dollars," suggested Murray.

Jimmy produced six cents. Laying the money on the check, he proffered it to Murray. "Last offer."

"We-el," groaned Murray, "you come and get the wagon."

"If you'll come and get the calf."

"It's a trade. The wagon's in the corner of my lower field."

The two clasped hands in the bargain.

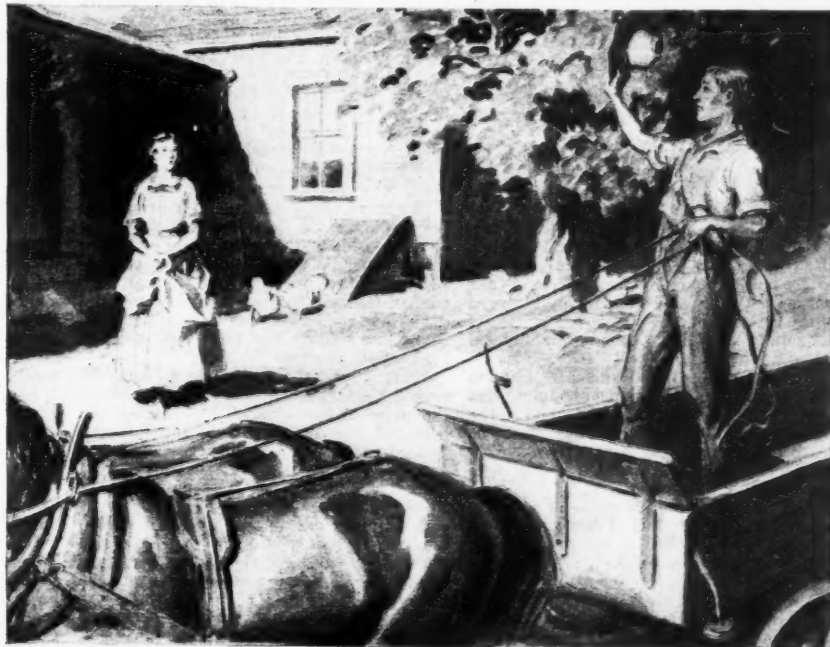
"I'll be over to get the wagon this afternoon, Mr. Murray," said Jimmy exultantly, abandoning his reserve now that the trading was over.

"All right, though you shore got the best of me that time. I should of holt out for fourteen dollars." Again Murray's mouth twitched. Jimmy found himself wondering what was the matter with it.

At dinner Jimmy told his mother of the trade. Immediately afterward, noticing that the calf was gone and suspecting rightly that one of Murray's men had called for it, he harnessed the team and getting astride the mare set out for Murray's lower field. The field was a hundred-acre alfalfa patch that lay along the bank of the Rio Virgin close to the Cannon farm. On account of the beds of quicksand that lay everywhere along that part of the river the field had never been used as a pasture.

Jimmy entered the lot from the west and looked round for the wagon. It was not in sight. The field rose slightly in the centre,

"Isn't it a beauty, mother?" he cried with enthusiasm



and he jogged sedately to the rise, from which he could survey every corner. Still seeing no sign of the wagon, he headed over to the southeastern corner where next the river there was a little swale girded with swamp willows. He dismounted. A look of doubt came over his face as he detected wagon tracks leading through an opening in the willows. Tethering the animals to a convenient tree trunk, he went forward on foot. The willow belt was thick and slanted down the swale to a point of flat ground level with the river.

The lower ground was covered with a growth of light green slough grass. Through the blades Jimmy could see the flat bottom of wet, oozy mud. Farther out the mud stopped and gave place to the sand of the river bed, but the sand was wet. Beyond a slim gravel bar the river glided by.

All that Jimmy observed at a glance. At his feet, where he stood on the bank, wagon tracks led down to the level bottom. Half a dozen yards farther out was a black, muddy space; blades of grass sprang only in spots from the sandy mud. On the side of the nearest bank the earth was torn up, and there were numerous hoof marks. The boy gave them only a cursory glance, however; his attention was riveted on a single object—six inches of wagon tongue sticking diagonally up from the level of the muddy expanse! An inch rope, doubled and as taut as a bow string, ran from the tongue to the base of a large willow well up on the bank.

Jimmy sat down weakly. "So that's why Murray fired Charley Haines!" he thought angrily. "It's level here, and Charley tried to take a short cut across the river and save going two miles to the ford. Didn't know what quicksand looked like, I guess. And there's my wagon, just as Murray said, safe in a corner of the field. And nothing can tear it loose. That was what Murray meant when he told Ed Jones at the store that it was lucky they got the horses out! To save them they had to let the wagon go. Lot of hauling I'll do with that wagon!" he finished explosively.

Five minutes passed while Jimmy considered the situation. At the end of that time he stood up in disgust. "Calf gone, milk check gone, stung for a sucker! The crook!" Then he smiled, for Jimmy Cannon was game.

Jimmy was quiet at supper: "Thought I'd leave the wagon down there for a while," he said, truthfully enough, to explain his returning empty-handed.

He tossed restlessly in his sleep that night. Early the next morning he hurried out into the yard.

"Jimmy," exclaimed his mother when she came to summon him to breakfast, "what on earth are you tearing down that chicken coop for?"

"No good," was her son's brief response. "We've a better one anyway." He went on hammering.

He returned to his task after breakfast and worked until noon. After the midday meal Mrs. Cannon saw the team pass out of the lane, dragging what appeared to be a miscellaneous pile of old lumber. Jimmy, walking beside the pile, was whistling cheerfully when he was not urging the horses.

Two hours later the team came trotting back with Jimmy on the brown mare. Another load of timber went down the lane. A third load, this time containing many long poles that had been destined for firewood, followed.

The next morning Jimmy bolted his breakfast and disappeared. Out on the bed of the river between the bank and the gravel bar, with a rope from his waist to the willows on the bank and the roof of the chicken coop under him for a raft, he hammered, whistled, lifted and worked like a Trojan. He took barely half an hour for his dinner and then worked until dark. When he finally returned to the cottage his eyes were feverish. He ate his supper with a preoccupied air and fell asleep at the table.

He was up at daylight. When Mrs. Cannon came to call him to breakfast she found him gone. So was the team. As she stood in the yard, wondering where her son was, she heard his voice coming faintly from the direction of the river. It sounded as if he were shouting at the horses.

Half an hour later the rattle of a wagon brought her to the door. Pride gleamed in her eyes as she looked at her son standing upright in the bed of a shining new wagon—a wagon that would last for many years. It was wet in spite of the rays of the morning sun. The horses were lathered, and Jimmy's sandy hair was plastered sleekly to his head.

One strap of his overalls was unhooked and hung down his back.

"Isn't it a beauty, mother?" he cried with enthusiasm. And then he told the whole story.

"So I ran a sort of sluice across the gravel bar and brought a stream of water to play on the quicksand bed," he finished proudly. "The water took a little of the sand away last evening. The wagon was anchored so I could leave it all right, and when it was too dark to see I came home. During the night the river rose,—all of a sudden the way it does,—and my sluice worked like a charm. When I got there this morning the wagon was almost free. I swam in, unloaded it, hooked the team to a rope that was fastened to the end of the tongue and snaked it out. It was quite a pull, but here we are!"

Mrs. Cannon clapped her hands. "Now

come in and eat the best breakfast your mother can cook!" she cried.

Jimmy shook his wet head. "Not yet, thank ye, ma'am; I want to drive over to Murray's. This wagon lacks a seat, a neck yoke and doubletrees. Mr. Murray traded me a complete wagon, and he's got to make his word good!" Jimmy tightened his reins.

But he was saved the trip, for the "peanut wagon," with Murray at the wheel, came puffing and rattling into the yard even as the boy clucked to the horses. Murray, grinning broadly, stopped the car and, stepping out, surveyed the boy in the wagon.

"Say," began Jimmy belligerently, "I was on my way to your place—"

Murray's raised hand stopped him. "Just a minute, son, before you go spoutin' off." The big man bared his head and turned to Mrs. Cannon. "You are to be congratulated,

ma'am. You have a shore-nuff man round the house. There is a steady job for a man we can depend on at the dam. I purposed Jimmy's name to the board, but they claimed he was too young to handle the work. When the boy came to me about the wagon I just swapped to sort of try him out and prove to the other members of the board that he's a sticker. I've been watching him the last two days, and he shore fought that river! So I've dropped round to tell him to come to work Monday. We'll see that he has a chance to study some when winter comes. One of the engineers will look after him that a-way. Reckon that's all. Son, see if you can twist this engine of mine into life. Whoa! That got 'er. Good mornin', all."

And the "peanut wagon" wheezed and rattled down the lane to the highway.

FIGGY DUFF POT *By Theodore Goodridge Roberts*



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMPSON

with outstretched muzzles toward the point from which the booming reports of the sealing guns had come, and others shifting their ground uneasily. He quieted them with his voice and then hastened to the place where he had left the butchers and their victims. Ten deer lay dead. Eight of the confiding animals had fallen to hatchet and knife before the scent of hot blood had given the alarm, and two had dropped to a leaden slug apiece.

Corney relieved the successful gunners of their ammunition, but he had to let them keep their knives with which to carry on the work of skinning and dressing the carcasses.

"Ten ye've got, an' ten ye'll do wid," he warned them. "If ye lift hand agin anudder when I bes gone to meet the sleds ye'll lose all—an' maybe some of yer own blood into the bargain."

The elder Peddle answered submissively that they would not molest the herd while he was gone or ever without his express permission. Their hearts were full of gratitude to him and awe of him.

It was noon when Corney met Peter Chant and five other men and lads of the harbor with three sleds. Two of them carried guns. He gave them minute directions as to the course to take to find the Peddles and the ten carcasses and then requested the two with guns to hand over their ammunition to him, explaining that he did not want them to undergo a temptation that they might find too strong to resist. As neither of the two made any motion of handing over shot pouch or powder horn to him, he warned them even as he had warned the Peddles. One of the musketeers laughed and asked him if he owned the barren.

"Give 'im the powder, b'y," said Peter Chant. "Ten deer bes plenty for a while anyhow; an' but for 'im ye'd hunt a week widout glimpsin' a horn."

But Black Jerry Dormer laughed again and said he would shoot deer when he chose and where he chose and as many as he chose; and he hadn't much more than said the last word when Corney let fall everything he had on his back and in his hands and landed such a swing to the ear that it is still spoken of with wonder and respect in Figgy Duff Pot.

"If I has to feed ye, then I'll learn ye manners as well, by the livin' t'under!" cried Corney.

Black Jerry did not contradict him, but lay silent and motionless on the ear that had not been hit. Corney stopped and relieved him of his powder horn; and the other gunner handed over his ammunition without a word or sign of protest.

"Ye bes more masterful nor a skipper, Corney, b'y," said one of the older men. "What ye been eatin' out here on the wild barren, lad, to fire up yer pride an' yer temper this-a-way?"

Corney looked the speaker over with a gleam in his dark eyes. "It bain't what I eats but what I t'inks," he said. "Ye've let Pat Dikeman master ye all these starvin' years wid fear an' trickery, but now I bes Pat Dikeman's master! Make what ye can

of that mastery, an' go drag home the ten deer I gave ye to fill yer skipper-cheated bellies wid."

Several of the fishermen murmured, and Black Jerry Dormer sat up and felt his ear, but every eye shifted aside from Corney's glance. Corney pocketed the confiscated powder and, taking up his bag and gun, turned and resumed his homeward journey. Pity for his slaughtered deer, indignation, pride and something of amusement worked together in his heart. And mastery! Yes, he felt masterful, conscious of the power of mind over matter! He had not felled Black Jerry by a purely mental process, 'tis true, but he had seized the advantage by quick thought.

Corney was within a few miles of Figgy Duff Pot when he heard the bang of a gun off to the west. He hesitated, then realized that shooting in that direction could not possibly have anything to do with his herd. He was about to continue his way when a second dull bang from the same point of the compass reached his ears. That was quick shooting, he reflected. If both shots were from the same gun, then the gunner was a master hand at loading! He felt keenly curious. He was in two minds whether to speed onward or turn and go to the westward; and before he had made a decision the report of a third explosion turned him and sent him on the new course. There was no denying that third report. It was not only louder than either of the others, but it contained a distinctive note that in Corney's mind associated it with tragedy. He had heard that same blasting note in the bang of a gun once before, years ago when old Sam Darling had let fly a double charge of powder and four slugs at a harbor seal on the shore ice, and the old gun had burst and blown Sam to sudden death.

Corney traveled fast on the new course. He heard no more gunshots, but a feeble shout after he had covered about three-quarters of the distance. He found a man lying on the snow. Blood had melted through the thin snow beside him down to the moss. The blunt and splintered stock of a heavy sealing gun lay near by. Corney stooped and recognized old Barney Toon despite a great clot of blood that all but covered one withered cheek. He looked closer and saw a dark mass of clotted blood at the extremity of each arm. Just then the old man opened his eyes. Their fires were low and filmed.

"Me gun busted an' blowed me two hands all abroad," he said in a feeble voice.

Corney slashed strips from one of his blankets and as well as he could with them wrapped up the mashed shreds and fragments of what had been hands. He made a fire, put the kettle on and made tea. He knew that he could not carry the old man without causing him acute suffering and renewing the bleeding of the wounds. He must go for help. Meanwhile the tea would warm and stimulate him.

"Gi' me tea," whispered Barney. "I bes done for—nigh to goin'. Tea, Corney, b'y!"

Corney held a pannikin to the gray lips. The old man gulped greedily until he seemed to be in danger of choking; then he lowered his head again to the blanket, which Corney had folded and placed for a pillow. Gleams of the old fires shone through the blur of his eyes.

"What beed ye shootin' at?" asked Corney as the old man grew quiet.

"Wolves. Nay, devils—in wolves' shapes! Aye, devils," answered Barney.

Corney glanced round but saw nothing of wolves or of devils.

"Nay, they be gone now," continued the old man. "I beed cruisin' round about, waitin' an' hidin' on the skipper's business, an' me poor leg give out under me, the leg ye shot the bullet into, lad. An' then the wolves come slinkin'. I took a shoot, but they come on. They had human faces, b'y—faces of poor folk starved to deat' long ago. I loaded an' let fly again. If they beed wolves, ye'd see 'em layin' dead out there this very minute. So I loads an' shoots agin—an' the old gun busts all to destruction in me two hands."

"I'll go fetch men an' a sled to draw ye home," said Corney.

"Nay—but give me a drink ag'in. Deat' stands waitin'—t'ree steps abaft yer elbow, lad—waitin' for me. Hold it up to me, for I'm cold, mortal cold."

Corney obeyed, and again the old man drank, swallowing the hot liquid as if his life had depended upon it.

"I'll be free of Pat Dikeman's cruel service afore sundown," he said. "I sarved 'im forty years—body an' soul—an' all for a killin' he spied me out in. I give him me little savin's of money an' me gear—an' served 'im in his cheatin' an' diviltries—me an' Bridget all these years—for fear of the gallows."

He closed his eyes. Corney spread his other blanket over him gently, built up the fire, took up his gun and moved softly away, anxious to be off for help for his old enemy. He glanced round him in the failing light and saw nothing except rock and hummock and white level and black thicket—no waiting shape of death and nothing of wolves or devils dead or alive. But his nerves were shaken with vague terrors. He moved slowly and cautiously for fifty yards, then took to his heels.

Corney was within half a mile of the edge of the barren directly above Figgy Duff Pot when he caught sight of a moving figure in front of him, indistinct in the misty starlight. He called to it and was answered by a voice that he knew well and was glad to hear—the voice of Kathleen Dikeman. The girl embraced him—an attention that he did not object to but to which he was far too embarrassed to reply in kind. She was trembling with excitement.

"I am glad, Corney!" she cried. "I was afraid for you. I heard that you were safe,—I always knew you would be safe alone on the barren,—and I would have come out to meet you with the sleds you sent Peter Chant for, but I couldn't get away from the house. Bridget couldn't help me. I've been a prisoner for weeks and weeks—and today until only a little while ago. But it doesn't matter now!"

"There'll be no power soon to keep ye a prisoner!" exclaimed Corney. "I bes done wid givin' chances to that cheatin' t'ief, even if he do be yer own fadder, Kat'y! I's off for St. John's tomorri!"

"But there's no need of that now, Corney. You have him in your power now this very minute to jail him or leave him harmless in his own house. For the fore-and-after came in a little while ago, just after Peter Chant and the men left with the sleds—the fore-and-after and Angus Brown. Mr. Brown is at the house now—and Denis too. He caught Denis in St. John's."

"Angus Brown! How would he be home so soon from Sout' America?"

"The owners sent for him to come back to St. John's by steamer and take command of a new barkentine; and the very first day he was home his cousin, Mr. Homer Brown of Prows & Co., pointed out our fore-and-after to him in the harbor. He was suspicious; so they went aboard and heard from one of the hands that she was bound for Cape Breton; and they took a look at the freight, saw the

saw Barney slip out of the house with a gun and climb to the barren. He has been queerer than ever, madder than ever, lately. I slipped away after him as soon as I could, but I lost track of him up here."

"I found 'im, the poor old sinner!" exclaimed Corney, seizing her by a hand and pulling her rapidly along with him toward Figgy Duff Pot. "He needs help. An' I got to see Angus Brown quick. The skipper tried to rob us ag'in—an' Denis, the black devil, tried to rob us an' then double-cross his own flesh an' blood! But there bes grub enough in the harbor now. I let 'em murder ten of me tame deer!"

They ran over the rough ground hand in hand.

They found the family and Angus Brown and his men seated in the big kitchen, the faces of some in deep shadow and of others dimly illuminated by an oil lamp on the table. Corney and Angus greeted each other affectionately.

"What bes ye fingerin' on doin' wid 'em, sir?" asked Corney.

"That's up to you, lad," replied Angus. "You are boss here."

Corney turned and regarded the skipper, who looked bloodless and dazed and broken. Pat Dikeman had lived by treachery, but the knowledge of his son's treachery toward him had killed all guile and ambition and energy in his crafty brain and merciless heart. He had cheated and schemed for this lad Denis, thinking to see him skipper of all the poverty-stricken little harbors in the big bay before he died; and now he knew that Denis had planned to rob him, his own father, to sail away to Cape Breton and never return for him, to leave him, his own father, helpless and friendless to face ruin and punishment alone!

"Patrick Dikeman, yer man Barney Toon bes out on the barren bleedin' to deat'," said Corney. "His gun busted in his hands an' blew 'em off. Come along wid me—an' Denis too—an' fetch 'im home on a sled. He come by his hurt on yer dirty, murderin' business."

The skipper got heavily, hopelessly to his feet. "Did ye kill 'im, Corney?" he asked in a dull whisper.



stores and all the old gear from Figgy Duff Pot and knew that Denis was leaving the folk here to starve. But Denis was doing more than that! He was leaving us to starve too—or to settle with the starving people."

"That Denis! He bes the worst of the lot, by t'under!"

"Yes; but Captain Brown hired two men and they brought Denis and the fore-and-after home, stores and gear and all. Then I

"No, nor laid a finger on him in anger," replied Corney. "The gun bust in his hands when he was alone wid his madness. Come on out an' draw him home, yerself an' Denis—an' fetch along a lantern." He stepped to the door.

"I guess we'd better come too," said Angus Brown, standing up and nodding to



The butt and splintered stock of a heavy sealing gun lay near by

his men from St. John's. All left the house except old Bridget Toon. No one looked at her. She sat with her hard hands gripped in her lap and her hard eyes staring straight before her.

Corney led the way up to the edge of the barren with the lantern. Then he and Kathleen and Captain Brown walked in front. The skipper and Denis came next, drawing the sled in silence. Brown's men brought up the rear.

"It's a tragic business, this whole trouble," said Angus Brown.

"Aye, sir, an' has been since before I was born," replied Corney. "An' would be forever but for yerself, sir. But the t'ievin' an' cheatin' bes over an' done wid now."

The girl touched his arm blindly. "What will you do—to them?" she asked, stifling a sob.

He put out a hand and steadied her. "Nary a t'ing," he answered. "For where bes the need? Their black wickedness has turned round agin themselves at last."

"I guess you are right, Corney," said the big sailor. "There'll be no need to call in the law, as far as I can see. What's in the harbor belongs to the harbor, and I guess the Dikemans will be glad enough to let it go at that. But I advise you to unload the fore-and-after across on the other side of the Pot."

At last they saw a low spot of red, which Corney knew for the embers of Barney Toon's fire.

Barney lay as Corney had left him, but he had died of his own madness. The sight was too much for the unnerved skipper, who swooned and fell like a log; and it was too much for the crafty coward Denis, who went down on his knees. All were shaken, including the strangers who did not know the full significance of the tragic scene. Corney showed his emotion by patting the girl tenderly on the shoulder and then turning and kicking Denis to his feet.

On their way back with the old man's body they met the sleds bringing in the frozen caribou.

"What have they got there?" asked

"Aye, sir; but if I owned me herd, there'd be milk an' cheese anyhow in the course of time. That bes how the Laplanders handles their herds, sir."

"Yes; and I have a letter for you from the Department of Lands. All this excitement and tragedy put it out of my mind until you mentioned deer."

Few people in Figgy Duff Pot obtained more than a wink or two of sleep that night. Corney didn't close an eye.

The fore-and-after was towed across the harbor by Corney's orders, and bread and flour and sugar and cured fish were distributed from her hold under Corney's supervision. The ten carcasses of venison were distributed. Angus Brown assisted him in everything.

Dawn was lifting when Corney at last opened his letter and read it by lantern light down in the hold of the schooner. It was short:

Sir: in reply to your communication concerning deer and the taming and ownership thereof we beg to inform you that two officials of this Department shall visit Figgy Duff Pot immediately upon the opening of steam navigation next spring to investigate the matter at first hand, with your valued assistance and advice. The Honourable the Minister of Lands has instructed the Department to assure you of his keen interest in your communication and to authorize you to continue in the management of the wild deer at present in your care according to the dictates of your own judgment until such time as you may receive further instructions.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
John Short,
Secretary, Department of Lands.

Corney went ashore then, leaving a guard on the hatch of the schooner, and up the steep to his father's gray cabin. Dick Conway was kindling the fire in the stove. He straightened his back and looked curiously and derisively at his son.

"Corney, b'y, ye bes a mighty skipper for sure," he said. "Twas a wonder to see an' to hear how ye driv us up an' down. An' Mister Brown himself actin' boson to ye! Be ye the new skipper of Figgy Duff Pot, b'y—or maybe the Governor of Newfoundland?"

Corney unfolded the official letter and read it slowly to his father. Dick was awed, not by the matter of the communication, which went clean over his head, but by the manner of it.

"Yer obedient sarvant!" he repeated. "Yer obedient sarvant! Who bes this here John Short?"

"A great gentleman in the government up along St. John's," replied Corney.

"An' he calls ye sir!" whispered the father. "An' names himself yer obedient sarvant! T'under an' turf! There bes more to studyin' in books an' cruisin' the barren nor I ever t'ought for! An' bes ye takin' on the trade of the harbor an' the coast, Corney

Angus Brown, turning curiously to Corney.

"Deer," answered Corney. "Butchered deer! But if I'd knowed the fore-and-after an' the grub was nigh the harbor, they'd be still alive this very minute, by t'under!"

"Caribou, hey? That reminds me. Where's your herd, Corney?"

"There be ten of 'em, more's the pity!"

"But if you never killed any of them for food, what good would owning a herd do to you or anyone else?"

b'y? An' will Pat Dikeman himself call ye skipper?"

"I bain't trader nor skipper," replied Corney, "but whoever trades in Figgy Duff Pot will trade honest from now on—so long as I bes master of the harbor anyhow."

"Master of the harbor!" repeated the father in an awed voice. "Master of the harbor! Harbor Master of Figgy Duff Pot! Corney, b'y, ye bes like yer fadder as one caplin bes like anudder. I'd been mate of a ship maybe meself or boson anyhow, had I kep'

to the deep-sea v'yagin'. Aye, it bes a great blood altogether, this here Conway blood!"

Corney smiled and stepped out to glance across the green water on the chance of glimpsing Kathleen Dikeman.

THE END.

THE KEY TO LYLE'S AIR CASTLE

By Mabel S. Merrill



LYLE WINSLADE stood mute as the excited little man went storming up and down his music room. Signor Nello was the most patient of teachers, but the repeated visits of this silent, pale-faced girl were becoming too much for his nerves.

"Do I not tell you no, no, no!" he cried. "Your voice is gone, quite gone! I try to make you understand that, and yet you keep coming to ask me when you can sing again. And I tell you—"

He checked himself suddenly as he glanced at Lyle standing there rigidly by the half-open door. He came close to her and spoke with such gentleness that she had to fight for self-control. "Do you think I do not know how hard it is, my child? A voice like yours was a beautiful big gift; I had hoped big things from you, my best pupil. Well, it may come back, that voice, quite suddenly. There have been such cases. But—but I advise you not to hope, for it may never come. I see no signs that it will. I tell you this that you may learn how to bear it."

Lyle's feet stumbled a little as she left the house of her teacher. She looked back, wondering whether she should ever again see that dear familiar, cluttered music room. Of course she could not go again. It was of no use. All the years since she could remember she had looked forward to a great career as a singer. Even the critical Italian teacher admitted that her voice was above the ordinary. But now all that was over.

"Being a great singer was my castle in the air," she said to herself. "And I've lost the key to it. I may as well face the truth; Signor Nello is right about that."

A little way down the street she stopped in the dusk to look at a big handsome house shining with lights. Gay music and laughing voices came rippling into the night. The house had been her home scarcely two months before. She would never get used to the hurt of passing that familiar door and knowing that she had no right to go in.

"If anybody but Kirk Shelby lived there," she murmured, "I might visit it sometimes. But he detests me so much I wouldn't go if the whole family implored me!"

She turned down a little dark side street and hurried away to the small dull house where she and her mother had taken refuge when the crash came. The knowledge that they had lost nearly all of their money had not meant much to her then, she had been so miserable over that other loss which seemed so much more terrible. But now as she plodded back and forth each day to her work in the box shop at the end of Mill Street she realized more and more keenly how completely she had dropped out of her old familiar world.

"If I could sing as I used to, they would all be ready to do anything to get me back," she reflected bitterly as she hung up her wraps in the little dim hall. "As it is, they are glad enough to forget me."

A vigorous peal at the doorbell made her turn with a start. She opened the door and caught her breath in amazement at sight of the tall figure in the shadow of the porch. "Kirk Shelby," she exclaimed, "it's never you! Are you lost?"

The young man's answer came doggedly: "No. I saw you standing outside in the dark, and I slipped away and went after you. Come back with me, Lyle, and spend the evening. A bunch of girl cousins have come from New York for a visit, and I invited in a

few old neighbors to meet them. We're having some good music; you'd like it."

She had beckoned him inside and was looking at him intently by the feeble light. "You know I wouldn't come," she burst out resentfully, "when you're only asking me out of pity!"

"Well, what if I am?" he said shortly. "I don't see that you need feel insulted because I'm sorry for a girl who is going through such a tough experience as yours. Look here,

this the Kirk Shelby who for years had played her accompaniments reluctantly and had quarreled with her on all occasions?"

Kirk touched her arm softly as she stood there mute in the dusk. "You can cut me dead for what I've said to you, Lyle. But come back! Come back into the old set. Don't push the girls away when they make



"I can't come back, Kirk. I haven't the courage"

Lyle,"—he hesitated an instant—"do the girls in our old set come to see you down here?"

"Not one," replied Lyle coldly. "At first I had a few little skimpy notes, and one or two called me up on the telephone; that seemed to be the end. You see all they ever wanted of me was to sing at their parties."

Kirk came a step nearer and stood looking down at her, much as Signor Nello had looked. "Lyle, we've never been good pals, so I suppose you'll think I'm saying this just to be hateful. But I am going to say it. I've thought about you a lot since you dropped out, and I can see why you never made any real friends. You never took the trouble to be agreeable to anybody. You were a kind of queen because of that wonderful voice of yours, and you just trampled on the rest of us right and left. Everything had to go your way, or there was a tremendous row and you wouldn't sing or do anything else. Then the things you said to people! You didn't know or care perhaps that a sarcastic tongue kills more friendships than any other one thing. And I'm beginning to believe that friends—good sound friends—are about the best wealth a person can lay up for himself."

For a moment there was dead silence in the little hall. Lyle was looking at her neighbor as if she had never seen him before. Was

any little advances. Make 'em yourself if necessary. Show them you can be friendly. You may not believe it, but I shall never be satisfied till you're one of the old crowd again, sharing the good times."

Lyle's resentment melted all at once. Kirk was actually trying to be her friend. He of all people had come to her rescue down here in Mill Street! He had braved her anger to tell her bitter truths that might help her. But she looked up at him with wide piteous eyes. "I can't come back, Kirk. I haven't the courage."

"Then use my courage. Let me take you to the symphony concert tomorrow night. Come and help mother play hostess at my birthday celebration next week. First thing you know you'll just naturally find yourself back where you belong."

Lyle shook her head. "If I had my voice again, I would. Then I'd have something to offer them in return for any kindness. But it—it would hurt too much to go back without it."

Suddenly she held out her hand. "Kirk, what you just said to me is all true. A month ago I might have cut you dead for saying it. But now—well, maybe I'm learning things. Anyhow I have a queer feeling that you've given me something valuable. I didn't deserve it either after the way I've treated you."

Yes, I did trample on you and on everybody else. Kirk, will you stand by me and tell me when you see me going the wrong way?"

"Never!" replied Kirk fervently. "I mean of course I'll stand by you, but I'm not going to keep on telling you things like that. I'm not perfect enough to go preaching to other

people. I just had to tell you that about killing friendships because you need friends; all of us do." Then he was gone.

Lyle treasured up every word of that talk. It seemed to point the way to something like happiness. If she could not bring herself to go back and make friends in the world that she had dropped out of she could at least look for new friends in this different world where she found herself. She began trying to get acquainted with her shopmates, among whom she had remained thus far an entire stranger. Some of the new acquaintances were nothing but acquaintances; others became real friends, and by and by Lyle discovered a big new interest that made her forget some of her own troubles.

There was a girl named Dorcas Gray, who worked beside her in the shop, and who was a near neighbor in Mill Street. Lyle discovered that Dorcas had a beautiful voice. It had not been trained of course, for Dorcas Gray's people were poor. Lyle remembered with a glow of delight that her half year's tuition with Signor Nello was paid in advance. He had pressed her to take it back when they had made sure that her voice was gone, but she had refused in such terms that he could not insist. To have taken back the money would have destroyed her last shred of hope that her "beautiful big gift" would return to her. But what if Signor Nello should consent to receive Dorcas Gray as pupil in place of Lyle Winslade? What a glorious thing it would be if this little girl who had never had anything fine in her life could cultivate a gift that would lift her up into a new world, give her such happiness as she had never dreamed of!

Kirk was almost as much excited as Lyle when once he had heard Dorcas sing. And when Signor Nello consented to receive the girl as his pupil there was great rejoicing in Mill Street, especially as the teacher's reports of her progress were favorable from the first.

"He is almost as enthusiastic over her as he was over me," Lyle confided to Kirk. "He expects beautiful big things from her, and she is beginning to expect them for herself. It is just as if little Dorcas Gray had picked up the lost key to my air castle."

Kirk looked at Lyle thoughtfully. He longed to tell her that, though she had lost the key to her air castle, she was just finding the key to other things that were big and beautiful; but the right words would not come and so he only gave her a friendly smile and went away.

There came a time when Lyle's newborn unselfishness was put to a terrible test. She was sincerely glad for Dorcas when the girl told her of a dazzling plan of Signor Nello's. The little teacher had resolved to take his family for a year's holiday in his beloved Italy, and he meant to take with him his most promising pupil. Through his influence that pupil would have lessons while abroad from a certain famous vocal teacher; she would hear some of the world's great music; she would meet and talk with renowned singers.

"Think of that happening to me!" said Dorcas in an awed voice. "Little me, who never was out of Mill Street! I'm almost certain he means to take me, though he won't say so plainly till after he has given us all some final tests."

Lyle listened sympathetically to Dorcas's raptures, but when she was alone again her heart felt like lead. But for the loss of her voice—that strange, terrible loss!—she, Lyle Winslade, would have had this chance.

One week later Dorcas told her that the final tests were to be that day at the studio at four o'clock. "And I'm going to be all ready to start for New York on the seven-fifteen train if I'm the lucky one. Dear little Mrs. Nello has promised to go up with me for a few days' shopping to help me get some things before we sail."

That afternoon Kirk Shelby received a telephone message that brought him down hastily to the little house on Mill Street.

"What's up, Lyle?" he asked of the pale girl who met him at the door. "I could tell by your voice that something was wrong."

Lyle turned upon him breathlessly in the little dim hall. "Kirk, I've found my lost key! Do you understand? My voice has come back, my old singing voice as good as ever! I've seen a specialist, and he says I'm all right; I can just go ahead and sing. It happened without my knowing it. I discovered it quite suddenly. That's how Signor Nello said it would be if it ever happened, only he didn't believe it ever would."

Kirk's face was radiant as he seized her hand. "It's the best news ever! Lyle, you'll



DRAWINGS BY
HANSON BOOTH

come back to us now! We'll have the time of our lives! We—why, what's the matter?"

For Lyle had pulled her hand away and covered her face. "Oh, Kirk, don't you remember? The tests will begin in half an hour, the tests that are to decide who shall go to Italy with Signor Nello. He doesn't know I've got my voice back. If he did, it would be I who would have that wonderful chance, not Dorcas!"

Her voice broke with a sob. "She will be dreadfully upset about it. It seems cruel. But how can I hold back and let her take my one chance—the chance of a lifetime—for a career? Don't I owe something to myself?"

He did not answer, and she dropped her hands from her face to look at him. "Kirk," she pleaded, "I sent for you because I wasn't strong enough to decide by myself. Do say something; tell me what to do!"

He confronted her doggedly; his face was set like a mask. "I can't, Lyle," he said huskily. "Nobody can tell another person what is right—for that person. It's up to you." He turned away and stood staring out through the glass of the little front door. There was a strained silence in the dim hall.

At last Lyle unclasped her twisted hands and said what seemed a strange thing,

though the young man understood it instantly. "Kirk, would you trust me to ride as I used to be of my own Gypsy?"

"Of course; I'll bring her right down. Do you want me to go with you, Lyle? I can ride father's chestnut."

"Oh, will you!" whispered Lyle. "You're always so good to me, Kirk."

A few minutes later two riders cantered down Mill Street and away into the country. They rode long and far in a silence that neither seemed to think of breaking.

The spring dusk had fallen when they came back. Signor Nello's house was dark

and silent, but as they passed the railway station a girl's hand waved wildly at them from the window of a moving train. It was the seven-fifteen just pulling out.

Lyle waved back gayly. "Good-by and good luck, Dorcas," she murmured, and then she spoke in her old sprightly way to the young man beside her:

"Yes, I'm coming back, Kirk, back into the old life as far as a working girl can. I'll sing at everybody's parties. If I promise not to trample on you, will you play my accompaniments?"

"Anything you like," said Kirk, "so long as you'll come."

ON GOING TO COLLEGE

By Kenneth C. M. Sills
President of Bowdoin College



THOUSANDS of boys and girls all over the country are thinking and talking and planning about going to college. Undoubtedly college is more important in the life of young America than it ever was before. After the Great War ended some two or three million young soldiers, returning home, talked about the college boys in their regiments who somehow seemed more fit than others for leadership. Moreover, in the new conditions thousands of girls who ten years ago would think of graduation from high school as ending their formal education are now making application for admission to college. In many a home this summer father and mother will wonder how they can manage to put Mary through. In former days going to college was a problem only for the fortunate or thrifty or far-sighted few; today it concerns such a large fraction of our young people that from Maine to California in nearly every household it is almost a burning issue. Consequently whatever advice may come from one who for many years has come in contact with boys starting their college careers may not be without interest even if it is along the very same lines that parents and teachers have been talking. Not only about going to college do boys and girls listen with more attention to some one outside of their immediate acquaintance!

In the first place I should like to correct a mistake that is often made not only by young people but by their elders. It is asserted over and over again that the greatest thing the college does is to make character. But as a matter of fact it only moulds and develops the character that has already been formed by home and school. Even in its own sphere, that of learning, the college only tests and brings out intellectual habits that have been instilled by the school.



COMMON SENSE AND STATISTICS

Boys and girls in school do not realize what both common sense and statistics teach us, that the boy who does well in school is likely to do well in college, and that the boy who loafs through school and says that he will wake up when he gets to college often makes a tragic failure of his college course. At Bowdoin College the dean recently made an investigation that showed conclusively that boys who entered without condition had a far better chance to graduate than boys who came in inadequately prepared. Even if it takes you a year longer in school be sure that the foundations for your college course are soundly laid.

As a matter of fact you boys and girls who are thinking of going to college can hardly begin your preparation too early. You will get much more out of your college course if you regard it as the goal of your formal education, as something to plan for and to attain. If you could regard going to college as a real adventure, it would mean so much more to you. And in my judgment you should begin your preparation when you are still in the grammar school. Many a boy makes a great mistake by waiting until he is a senior in the high school, when too often he finds that he has not had the necessary or the most beneficial courses. What those

beneficial courses are naturally depends upon circumstances and upon the college of one's dreams; but there are, I think, a few general considerations that should be helpful to all those who are thinking of going to college.

In the first place learn to realize early in your school life the paramount importance of good English. If you will permit an old-fashioned teacher to give you some advice, study your English grammar thoroughly. Many freshmen in college have forgotten, if indeed they have ever known, such elementary terms as parts of speech, predicate, article. A good grounding in grammar is helpful not only in learning to speak and to write English well but in the study of all languages. Even such dreary exercises as parsing and making diagrams have real value. "A great deal of reading, writing and speaking in the English tongue," writes Dean Briggs of Harvard, "make a foundation on which any structure of intellectual education may safely rest." If you can, learn to spell well, and as soon as you begin your Latin or French get into the way of studying the history of words; look up words in the dictionary and find out from what words they are derived. When I was a small boy I once addressed a letter to a bishop who was a great "pal" of mine—"Reverend." The envelope came back marked, "You will know better than this when you have studied Latin." And sure enough I did know better when I came in the Latin grammar to the verb *revereor*. That was one of the best lessons in spelling that I ever had.

In your games and sports you know how much difference good form makes. In swimming and in tennis you are ready to practice the same strokes over and over again until they become almost second nature. Try to follow that practice in your use of English. Remember also that, in the words of a great journalist and a great ambassador, Walter H. Page, "Style is good breeding." As in so many phases of school life there are things a boy doesn't do, so in your study of English remember that there are expressions and usages that a well-bred man will avoid and standards of form to which he will endeavor to rise.

And then, if I were you, I should acquire in any school course one classical and one modern language. Sometimes boys and girls—at least boys—avoid the study of Latin because it is hard or because it is hated. Both are excellent reasons for taking Latin. But as a matter of fact Latin when well taught is not particularly hard; nor ought it to be irksome. Much of the difficulty in the study of Latin is owing to the fact that in the very first year the proper foundations are not laid. In the study of any foreign language no year is so important as the first. In many parts of the country a knowledge of Latin and Greek is no longer essential; yet many will believe that a course preparing for college that omits the classics is at best but a good makeshift.

Sometimes we hear it said that colleges do not make enough of character as a requirement for admission. Did it ever occur to you that the ordinary boy and girl has often abundant opportunity to display character in meeting properly the intellectual tests for admission to college? Take mathematics for example. Very rarely indeed does anyone come across a high-school student who really cannot get anything out of algebra or geometry; but for one such student there are scores



who fail in mathematics because they are lacking in will power. The great value of elementary mathematics is that it requires not only attention but concentration. And concentration is one of the most useful of the humbler virtues. Mathematics makes for intellectual vigor. And in studying it do not lean too much upon your teacher. Work out the originals for yourself. When you reach college you will find that you will have to stand on your own feet. Do not get the perambulator attitude fastened on you for good and all.

And then there is history, a study that should be pure delight; for here even in school we can supplement the work in the course by outside reading of our own choice. Yet as a study history seldom is given the attention it deserves. I have a letter from the late President of the United States congratulating Bowdoin College upon some plans that we had made to conduct an Institute of Modern History. In this letter Mr. Harding says:

In our own country there is altogether too little knowledge of our national story, too little interest in and serious study of it. One has many times seen the high-school student who has completed his studies in an intermediate text-book in American history promptly close the volume with the announcement that "he knew about history." I fear that cheerful attitude is not by any means confined to students of high-school age.

Most of us will, I think, agree that such an attitude is all too prevalent not only in history but in many another subject. What we should be doing in school and in college and indeed until the end of the chapter is to close one volume only to open the next and never to say we know all about history or about anything else.

Perhaps these days we should add to English, to a foreign language, to mathematics and to history, which form four cornerstones of the college preparatory course, some acquaintance with the processes and results of science. You may also add on the side certain other accomplishments very useful indeed, such as the ability to play a musical instrument or to draw or to run a radio. Such studies should, however, be taken as extras. A popular college senior told me not long ago that when he was in school he found it irksome to give up the companionship of his friends

THE EXTRAS AND THE FUNDAMENTALS



for the pursuit of his musical education, but that in college he had made many more friends because of it than he should otherwise have had. A knowledge of shorthand and typewriting has enabled many a boy to earn his way through college. In almost any college community a good under-graduate stenographer can have all the work he can possibly handle. But music and drawing

and the more practical studies ought to be made subsidiary to the main issue.

In general I know of no more useful advice to give to boys and girls preparing for college than this: take a few subjects, stick to them throughout your school course, learn a few things as thoroughly as you possibly can. When you get to college you will find that superficial smartness will not carry you very far; and if you have not learned in school the value and the necessity of hard mental toil the chances are ten to one that in all important respects your college course will be a failure. The curse of American education today is a lack of thoroughness. Take fewer studies and study them harder.

The necessity for an honest, rigorous and thorough intellectual and scholarly preparation is so clear that perhaps you have wondered why I emphasize it so much. There is no doubt that without it you cannot have a happy career in college. Furthermore the impression that most boys and girls receive of college before they go is very likely to be misleading. Naturally college students when they return home are more prone to dwell

NO PLACE FOR THE LOAFER



on the pleasures and romance of college life than on the drudgery and work of everyday duties. When boys from school visit the college their hosts, either from the worldly point of view of superiority in age or because they wish to give their guests a good time, create the impression that college is a delightful kind of club where a person can dream away the golden hours. As a matter of fact in nearly all our first-rate colleges more and more work is being required; and the loafer is being eliminated more and more expeditiously. The amount of work necessary to insure a boy's remaining in college is, to be sure, not yet alarmingly great, but it is increasing. And do not wait until you get into college to appreciate the fact.

In a sense going to college is a business matter, or at least it has its business side. Yet a great many students and not a few parents never sit down to estimate the cost. If a boy or a girl is to go through college on an allowance, the value of money should be early learned. In any institution, large or small, it is a great pity for a youth to have too liberal an allowance. Not infrequently boys of means use their allowances generously and unselfishly, sometimes helping their classmates through college; but in a college community, which ought to be in the true sense of the word a democracy, it is always well to avoid excess. If a boy or a girl has to depend partly or largely on individual effort and earnings, he or she can in many ways train for useful jobs such as stenography or playing a musical instrument or learning how to manage a furnace economically or how to market well. It is, I think, true that in any state in the Union a student of good character, good health, some real ability and the will to work hard can promise himself a college education, no matter how slender his means. And students of that type are invaluable members of the college community. Very often business men,

in applying to the college for promising young men, will write: "Other things being equal, we prefer a boy who has had to work his way through college." In the last analysis character of course counts.

I often think that the boy on a generous allowance who makes a success of his college course is entitled to more credit from the very fact he has not had the incentive to earnest effort that has spurred on the boy who is really and in many ways his more fortunate, because less opulent, mate. Yet many boys come to college much handicapped by reason of insufficient money. Very often freshmen have failed because they have had to give so much time and strain to outside work. Most college authorities are now advising students to be sure to have money enough to see them through freshman year or at least comfortably through the first term. Sometimes, if a boy really desires a college education, he can afford (I use the word advisedly) to stay out a year and put by more money for his college course, thus gaining not only more financial independence but more maturity. College students often make a mistake in not being frank with their parents about their expenses; parents sometimes are foolishly exact in their questions. The college student who supplies the funny papers with old jokes about writing home to dad for more money is not yet extinct, but he is being fast replaced by the man who works during the summer time and spends what he earns.

On what may be called the social side I am not sure that young people of the present generation need many hints. Perhaps indeed there is danger in regarding going to college too much in the light of a social adventure. If you are going to college by reason of social ambition, you are fast on the way to becoming a snob. And a snob has a very unhappy time of it both in college and in after life. If by social preparation for college you mean training in those things which will make you fit more easily into community life, I believe a good deal can be done in advance. There is a happy, irresponsible camaraderie about college life that is different from any other experience whatsoever.



TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE

You must learn to give and take, to be considerate and unexact. But perhaps those things can be left to your own good judgment and taste and to the wise teacher, experience.

"One reason why the transition from school to college is difficult morally is that in school pupils are treated as boys and in college as men. The ideal is, as Dean Briggs wrote several years ago, for the school not to forget that boys are to be men and for the college not to forget that men have been boys. On the general question of morality in college much misapprehension exists in the popular mind. College students are by no means free from those vices which are associated with youth; but there can be little doubt that the standards of life are as high and as clean in a group of men or women in college as in any other group outside. It would indeed be an indictment of American youth were that not so; for probably nowhere more than in college is a young man or a young woman surrounded by traditions and influences that make for decent and useful behavior. Judging from my own experience as dean and president, I can only add that in a great majority of cases where students have been subjected to college censure there was clear evidence that the unfortunate exhibitions of weakness of character were brought from the school to the college. And that is one reason to state with emphasis that a boy or a girl who has learned the proper standards of morality at home or at school need never fear the so-called greater freedom of the college.

It seems to be the fashion nowadays in some quarters to neglect altogether the religious preparation whether for school or college or life. Nevertheless, there is still a very general fear of the destructive influence of the college upon religion. In colleges where attendance at chapel is still required it is probable that most of the students get more religious exercises, formal though they may be, than they do at home. And whether there be compulsory chapel or not, a very great deal is done in all our colleges for the

religious interests of the students. Much indifference to religion no doubt exists, some skepticism and a little—a very little—disrespect for religious matters. But as in the case of morality we can say that in college there is in general more discussion of religious truth, more reverence, more interest in religion than exists in groups of people of the same age outside the college. It is well for every boy and girl leaving school to know these facts.

Sometimes a student brought up in narrow, unrestricted piety gets greatly upset in his college course. It is well that he should know early that the terms "evolution," "science," "higher criticism" and "scholarship" are not necessarily antagonistic to religion. Furthermore, he will find in college abundant opportunities for service that will test the reality of his faith. And if there is one place where hypocrisy will not go, it is

in the American college of today. No honest, God-fearing parent who has brought up children to take the right attitude toward their religious duties and to be sanely and soundly grounded in the principles of his religion need ever fear to send his son or his daughter to college.

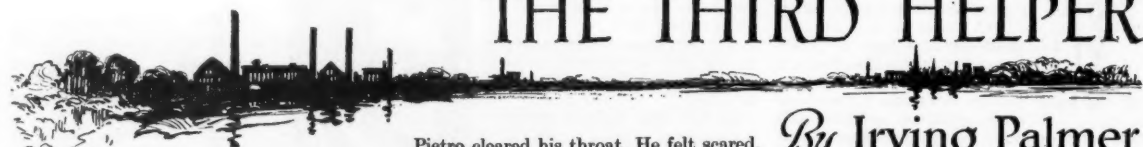
It all comes back to the proposition with which we started—that what you are in school you are very likely to be in college. It may well be that the qualities you have will not fit you for a fruitful college course. If you have not only no love for study but no interest whatever along intellectual lines, college is not the place for you. If you are keenly intellectual but have not strength of character enough to overcome the inevitable temptations of college life, do not try to go to college. If your bent is predominantly mechanical or practical, go to a trade school or directly into business. But if you are a

young man or a young woman of some ability, of sound health, of willingness to work and with an earnest desire for a college education go to college and learn, in the words of the great President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin:

To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for four of the best years of your life.

THE THIRD HELPER

By Irving Palmer Rodgers



THE steady drone of the big dynamos suddenly lowered in pitch, and Pietro Falchetti brought his chair, hitherto tilted against a wall of the dynamo room, sharply to the floor and sprang to his feet. A much-thumbed textbook fell at his heels unnoticed as he jumped to the near-by switchboard and grasped the black handle of the largest switch.

As the lights grew dim he paused to look round him and to listen a moment longer to the rapidly-dropping note of the machinery. What could be wrong? The entire plant was coming to a standstill. Either something was wrong in the wheel pit outside or too great a load had been thrown upon the plant. But how could there be too great a load? The plant had unlimited water power, and besides too great a load on the dynamos would simply blow the fuses. At the thought he instinctively jerked the main switch open, thus throwing the outside load off the generators. They continued to slow down; the lights grew dimmer and dimmer, and in a few moments the big power house was in complete darkness and quiet.

A bell rang sharply. Pietro stumbled across the concrete floor through the blackness and reached over the desk for the telephone. An impatient, anxious voice greeted him: "Hello! This is Dangerfield." Pietro recognized the superintendent's voice. "What's wrong out there? The lights are off here in town."

Pietro cleared his throat. He felt scared, alone there in the big plant, with Dangerfield depending on him to know why the power was off and no doubt expecting him to start the current flowing again quickly. "I don't know, sir," he replied. "I think it may be a water wheel. I not have time to look yet."

There was an exclamation from the other end of the wire. "Who is this talking?" the superintendent demanded.

"Pietro Falchetti." Would Dangerfield remember the only other occasion when that name had been brought to his attention? Pietro trembled.

"Where's Collins?" "Pietro stared at the darkness in astonishment. Why, Collins had given him to understand that the superintendent had known he was going to town. The second helper must have been joking, or he had wanted to go to town and had given that for an excuse. Pietro did not know what to say. To tell Dangerfield that Collins had left the plant without permission would cause the young engineer to be discharged; not only that, it would create a vacancy that would advance Pietro a step higher in the work that he loved. Much as he disliked Collins, however, he couldn't get the fellow into trouble. He had said something about his baby's being sick; maybe that was why he had disregarded the power company's regulations. Pietro frowned at the telephone. "Collins—he not here just now," he said.

"Ah, he's gone to look for the trouble? Well, you tell him to get a move on and have things running in a very few minutes. And if he can't, have him call me at once. Bartlett must have told him the north mine is using our power for their fans and hoists tonight after the breakdown in their plant this afternoon, and he ought to understand what that means. If we can't keep things running, we must let the mine operators know so they can get their men out some way. If we don't, there's no telling what may happen. Find him and tell him at once."

"Yes, sir," Pietro hung the receiver on its hook and leaned weakly against the desk. How he wished Collins would appear just then so he could tell him all! Collins would know exactly where to look for the trouble. He wasn't a likable fellow, that was certain, and he made life miserable for Pietro when the two were alone together, but as an engineer he was remarkably capable. He did not become frightened when unusual things happened, as Pietro did. Collins had no patience with fellows who lost their heads. His dislike for Pietro had begun with the young

Italian's failure to do the right thing in an earlier emergency. That mistake had almost cost Pietro his job, and he realized now that, if he failed this time, the superintendent could not excuse him again. He must find out at once what was wrong with the plant, and somehow he must make the necessary repairs alone.

There was a flash light in his coat near the door. He felt his way across the floor to the row of hooks and, finding his coat, snapped on the light. In another moment, he was tugging at the narrow trapdoor that opened above a flight of stairs leading down into the waterwheel housing. The door, which was of heavy steel, was equipped with an automatic latch that insured its always being closed when not in use—a precaution against anyone's getting into the room who did not belong there. The latch could be thrown back if a person wanted to use the door, but Pietro was in a hurry and did not think of it. His mind was puzzling over the probable cause of the trouble, and he did not notice the latch snap into place as the door closed over his head. He had caught up a crowbar as he started for the stairway, and with it in his hands he made his way down the stairs and along the narrow concrete bench behind the now motionless and dripping wheel.

The nearest bearing, when he had inspected it, showed nothing wrong, and the three centre bearings were also in perfect order, but when he reached the farther end of the wheel he found the cause of the shutdown. A short piece of heavy bridge plank, probably a bit of drift from far up the river, was wedged between one of the vanes of the wheel and the concrete wall. Picked up by the wheel, the plank had acted as a brake against the wall, until finally it had become wedged so tight that it had brought everything to a stop. Pietro stuck his flash light into a hole in the wall so its light would rest on the plank and went to work with his crowbar.

The piece of plank was wedged tight against the wall, held there by all the weight of the many tons of water falling upon the outer vanes of the great wheel. It was impossible to move it bodily; Pietro was obliged to dig it to pieces with his sharp-pointed bar. He worked feverishly, thinking all the while of the coal miners whose lives depended on his efforts.

Finally he pried loose the last bit of plank, and the wheel, a ponderous drum sixteen feet in diameter, whirled forward so quickly that Pietro had barely time to get out of its way. His crowbar was knocked from his hands, and he saw it strike against one of the vanes, then against another and finally drop out of sight in the mist and spray underneath the wheel. He gave the bar little thought at the time; a crowbar was of slight consequence compared with setting the wheel into motion once more.

Catching up his flash light, he ran with a glad heart to the flight of stairs and mounted it eagerly. In a moment he would close the big switch that controlled the outgoing current, and light and power would reach the



His crowbar was knocked from his hands

DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER

city once more. The miners, for the past five minutes engulfed in darkness and doubtless appalled by the probable consequences of a crippled power plant, would know relief even greater than that which was in his heart just now. He put his shoulder to the trapdoor and pushed. He pushed harder. He pushed with all his might. Then he shrank back in dismay, and his breath came fast. He remembered that he had heard the latch spring into place as he had closed the door. He knew that latch! He had always felt perfect confidence in its strength. He could not possibly open the door from the stairway.

There was no other doorway, and the wheel housing, having been built under the power company's reservoir, had no windows. Two ventilator shafts ran to the plant from small openings, but they offered no way of escape. He was trapped. Although he had succeeded in getting the wheel to work, it was running idly and was doing no one any good. If only he had left the main switch closed! Then the light and power would be flowing out from the plant just the same, regardless of his plight. The wheel housing was perfectly safe; he could stay where he was for a day or so without injury, though the spray from the swiftly-revolving wheel would keep him drenched. If he dared wait for a few hours, Collins would be back or Bartlett, the chief engineer, and he could get their attention by pounding on the trapdoor. But he dared not wait a few hours. Although he was in no danger, a great many other men were—and all because of his carelessness. He must get to the switchboard in the dynamo room somehow and get there quick!

But how? He sent the narrow shaft of light from his flash light into every corner of his concrete prison. He was effectually shut in. The wheel housing was a boxlike vault just enough higher and wider and longer than the water wheel to permit an engineer to get about and look after the several bearings on the long shaft and make necessary repairs. The downstream side of the vault was open and allowed the vanes of the great wheel to catch the torrent of water pouring over it from the dam. The outer half of the concrete floor sloped sharply downward so that the water deflected by the wheel would run away; the inside half was curved to conform to the shape of the wheel. Pietro was standing on a narrow bench on a level with the wheel shaft where the curved floor ended. There was room to walk from one end of the wheel pit to the other, but that was all. If he hadn't lost his bar, he could have dug through the stairway wall or perhaps pried open the trapdoor—but the bar was gone. There simply wasn't any way to get out. Heartsick, he stood on the edge of the wheel pit and looked down, trying to see through the flying water under the wheel.

Suddenly he started and then shrank back. He looked down with wide eyes. A daring thought had come to him. Why could he not slip under the wheel, slide into the river, swim to the nearest bank and so reach the switch at the power house! He was a good swimmer. He glanced again at the thick spray under the wheel, and his breath came hard. It would be terribly risky! And even if he got under the wheel safely, there was the plunge into the river, with all the tons of water pouring over the wheel to bear him below the surface and perhaps hold him there until he drowned. He looked up from the pit with a shiver, but drew himself together sternly. Two hundred men were depending on him for their lives. If he tried to get under the wheel and failed, he should make matters no worse than he would if he waited for help; whereas if he waited too long and had to know all the rest of his life that because of his lack of courage hundreds of homes were broken up—well, he couldn't face that! He must try the one way out. It was risky but one life for many others, no matter what might happen.

He looked down again. The water was in such turmoil that he could hardly think of getting into it. The white rays of the flash light made it look as bad as possible too. At his feet the wheel as it whirled up was far enough from the concrete to let him slip under it, but was it as far away at the bottom of the pit? Suppose it barely cleared the floor there? It was reasonable to suppose that the architects had specified uniform clearance, but it was not uncommon for

contractors to build without too much concern for specifications. Once he left the shelf on which he was standing, he could not get back. If the pit had been built carelessly and at some point the floor and the wheel should be but an inch or so apart—he did not dare to think of what must happen!

There was nothing to be gained by delay. He had already waited too long. He switched off his light and edged forward. For one awful moment he hesitated; then he dropped to the floor, shoved his flash light to one side, swung round with his body hanging inside the pit and let go.

His back was to the whirling wheel; the outer edge of the oak vanes was rushing past his body with only inches to spare. Failure to keep tight against the curved floor meant bringing himself within range of the speeding paddles. He slid swiftly downward for a moment and then came to a stop as he reached the less vertical part of the wheel pit. There the water poured upon him in a flood. He could not breathe. He did not know by how much the wheel was clearing his shoulders. He fancied the heavy paddles were almost brushing the hair at the back of his head. He must push himself outward now until he could slide away from the wheel down the sharp slope that continued the curved part of the floor. He must push himself outward, but he must not raise his body the fraction of an inch. He pressed the palms of his hands hard on the concrete and shoved gingerly.

Then, fighting to keep from breathing and working desperately to keep his body moving outward, he spent some terrible seconds, hours they seemed to him.

At last his toes found the edge in the floor, and he knew that he was working out from under the wheel. His knees reached the edge, then his waist. The deluge of water pouring from the wheel caught him then and swept him downward, and the flood falling over the dam carried him with it to the bottom of the river. He felt himself being whirled hither and yon, but he swam desperately—towards the bank of the stream, he hoped. He felt that he could go no longer without breathing. His chest seemed about to burst, and his head was roaring in a way he had never experienced before.

Then just when he was sure he could struggle no longer he found himself in quieter water, and his head came to the surface. When he opened his eyes it was to see stars twinkling in the heavens. He was out in the river just below the power house. A few minutes of swimming, a little run on the sand, and then he was pulling open the door of the power house. As he did so the lights streamed out. When his eyes had grown accustomed to the glare he distinguished Collins standing at the switchboard. The engineer was staring at him.

"What happened?" he demanded, glancing at Pietro's dripping clothes. "Where have you been?"

Pietro, feeling a great content as he saw the lights blazing overhead and in the distance the glow against the sky that told him the city had its light and power, tried to explain. "Da wheel—it stop. Some board get caught in it. I go to fix heem, an' da door won't open to letta me out. I—I swim out."

"Swim out! You couldn't!"

"I did. Under da wheel. I—I knew about all da miners needin' da air an' da power, an' I had to get out."

Collins walked over to the trapdoor and examined the latch; as he came back to Pietro there was a queer look on his face. "I've got to believe you," he said, and then after a long pause: "Dangerfield is going to hear about it too, believe me, even if he asks some pretty embarrassing questions about my being away."

The engineer looked at Pietro steadily for a moment and then smiled. "Guess I wouldn't have gone away even to see about the youngster if I hadn't felt down in my heart that you could take care of things. Now I know you can, and the boss is going to know it too!"

Pietro smiled back. "I changa da clothes," he said.



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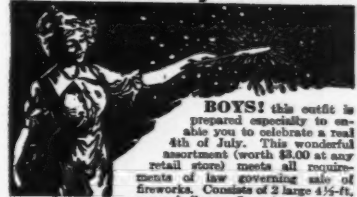
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them Straight.

NOT THE ABILITY you have, but the ability you bring to bear, will overcome your obstacle.

EVERY MOTORING PARTY likes to choose a naturally beautiful spot for the roadside picnic, but, if the place is littered with broken bottles, tin cans, newspapers and a discarded tire or two, the beauty is spoiled. The first rule for picnic parties is to leave the grounds, not as they found them, but as they would like to find them.

A PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION has made the great Carlsbad Cavern of New Mexico a national possession. Although the Carlsbad is one of the famous caves of the world, it has never been thoroughly explored. The National Geographic Society has arranged to send an investigator, who will spend several months in the vast recesses of the cavern charting its hidden wonders.

THE LATEST CHANGE in the design of the sleeping car alters the entire aspect of the interior. The folding head boards that usually separate upper berths have become fixed partitions and so set off the twelve sections into which a car is divided as to insure the occupants a little more privacy by day. During the day the edge of the upper partition is not flush with the end of the seat; a sliding panel pulls out to the end of the seat when the berths are made up at night.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY in London, this year celebrating its centenary, may well remind us of our lack of a national gallery of art in Washington. As a nation we own many works of art, but we are obliged to house them in buildings meant for other purposes. An amendment to the second deficiency appropriation bill asks Congress to appropriate \$2,500,000 for a building to house our art, but there is little chance that it will pass. Until the government does have an adequate place in which to keep pictures, collectors will continue to leave their treasures to other beneficiaries.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has proved to be one of the most stubborn and elusive contagions that science has ever studied, but in Germany two bacteriologists working in collaboration have succeeded in isolating the organism of the disease and have prepared both liquid and solid cultures from it. The way is now clear for experiments that hitherto have been impossible, and in time a cure for the disease will be found. The discoveries are too late to help either England or western America in the present epidemic, but will probably save countless cattle in the future.

THE LONDON SPECTATOR says that in various places in England American robins are living in a wild state. About fifteen years ago a Boston business man sent fifty pairs to Lord Northcliffe, who liberated them on his estate in the south of England. All except one pair disappeared, but that pair was observed to nest and to bring off young. Doubtless many other pairs also raised broods. At any rate, the birds appear to

have established themselves, and the red-waistcoated squire of old England will probably see something likeable in the cheery, red-breasted bird that frequents his lawns and hedges.

A NEW KIND OF GLASS

AFTER several years of patient experiment Mr. E. R. Berry, an electrical physicist employed in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Lynn, Massachusetts, has worked out a process for fusing quartz rock under the extraordinary heat that the electric furnace generates and has thereby made practicable a kind of glass that has remarkable and useful qualities.

The quartz glass is exceedingly clear and transparent. It looks like ordinary glass of a high quality; but it transmits light better and, unlike ordinary glass, does not in the least obstruct the passage of the actinic rays—sometimes called the ultra-violet rays—that, though invisible, nevertheless cause sunburn, bring about chemical changes on the photographic plate and have a curative effect on inflamed human tissues. The quartz glass transmits heat almost perfectly. If one end of a rod made of the glass is heated to a high temperature, you can feel the heat pouring out at the other end, though the rod itself remains cool. Hitherto it has been hard to apply the germ-killing actinic rays except to the surface of the body, but now by means of curved tubes of quartz glass they can be directed to any part of the mouth or throat, or through a surgical incision into almost any part of the body.

The glass, fused at a temperature of 4000° Centigrade, does not appreciably expand or contract under any ordinary degree of heat or cold. It is therefore likely to be of especial value in making lenses, mirrors, thermometers and other instruments of accuracy. When common glass is used in either astronomical or meteorological apparatus the results obtained have often to be corrected because of the distortion that heat or cold causes in the glass. In quartz glass there will be no distortion.

The new glass does not crack or shiver under sudden changes of temperature. You can drop it on a concrete floor and it will not break. It can be ground into any desired shape, without any of the risk that attends the grinding of ordinary glass. We are told that tuning forks can be made from it that will keep the pitch invariable in any circumstances or through any lapse of time.

At present this interesting glass is a laboratory product and expensive; but it can soon be made at a price that will not be exorbitant for the uses to which it will be applied. It is not likely that it will ever displace ordinary glass for most of the purposes for which ordinary glass is used, but to medical and physical science it promises to be of the greatest service. Windows in hospitals and solariums can be made of it in order to give the patients all the curative advantages of exposure to direct sunlight. Water in any quantity can be quickly and completely sterilized by ultra-violet rays transmitted through rods of quartz glass. Its value for optical purposes and as a means of carrying the chemical rays of sunlight to the interior of the body we have explained. The discovery is a triumph for American ingenuity and scientific imagination.

THE WAY TO EMPLOYEE OWNERSHIP

IT has long been the dream of social reformers that laborers should own the shops and factories in which they work, but there are reasons for doubting that it would be as desirable for the workers as some persons have imagined. It is true that the workers would get the profits if there were any; but it is equally true that they would also bear the losses if there were any, and on the whole losses are almost if not quite as common as profits.

Granting, however, that it would be desirable for the workers to own the establishments in which they work, there are three ways—two dishonest, or revolutionary, and one honest—by which they may acquire them. The first and most direct of the dishonest methods is to seize them by force. That is the method openly advocated by the so-called "direct-actionists" and practiced by the Bolsheviks. Besides being dishonest, that method has serious drawbacks. The government must first be overthrown. Even then, the situation is not secure; for, although that action may put the existing property into the hands of the worker, it cannot renew it when it is worn

out, and there will be no new property to seize. Persons who haven't thrift and forethought enough to buy and pay for property in the first place seldom have enough to keep property that they gain in some other way. When it runs down there will be nothing to steal with which to make repairs. That fact the Bolsheviks have already discovered—to their great discomfort.

Another dishonest way is to gain possession of the government and then to use its power to dispossess the present owners—a plan that is frankly advocated by some of the Guild Socialists. It would be done under the form of constitutional government instead of in defiance of government, but in the end it would make little difference whether the force that was used to take property from one set of owners and give it to another were wielded by persons outside the government or by persons who had perverted the government.

If laborers want to own the shops in which they work, there is an honest way—the one by which they can own the houses in which they live, their clothes, their household furniture, or anything else that they have not themselves made; that is, by buying and paying for them as other people do. Even if they could take possession of the shops by force, they could get repairs and replace worn-out plants only by paying for them. There is no sound reason why they should gain possession of existing shops in any other way.

THE FOUNDATION OF THRIFT

THERE are various foundations of thrift, and it is well that there are, for there are none too many, and we are wise to cultivate and cherish every one of them. There are, for example, accounts, the habit of knowing exactly where you stand even to the last penny; and, if you do not follow the last penny, the last dollar is only too likely to escape your grasp. There is foresight, system, planning your needs and your means and your necessary and your desirable expenditure, adjusting the facilities of life to its possibilities. And intelligent thrift is absolutely dependent upon method of this kind.

But perhaps the surest foundation of thrift is to have few wants. The trouble with our complicated modern civilized life is that with our abundance of creature comforts we have built up round our souls an enormous scaffolding of habit, so that innumerable little things are indispensable to us, without our even having a definite appreciation of what they are—till we lose them. The immigrant who comes from the lowest poverty of Europe and throws himself into the struggle here has an immense advantage in being trained to want so little. He can save and get ahead if he has industry and intelligence because he is not hampered by costly little requirements of cleanliness and decency.

To be sure, wants are in a sense the charm of life. Our little desires for all sorts of pretty, pleasant things are like gay blossoms strewn over the barren surface of necessity. We pluck one here, reach for another there and forget the daily iteration of common duties in the grace of the pursuit. The bare restraint, the grim stoicism, of the early New England ideal had something arid about it, something wearily negative. It was a Puritan philosopher who said, "The ideal of life is to be able to have everything you want and to want nothing." No doubt that leads to thrift, but it also leads to a terrible emptiness.

The true secret is to have your wants thoroughly under your command; to recognize the attraction of all lovely and delightful things, but to gauge their proportion to one another and to your own means and needs; to admit that you want, but that at some times and in some circumstances you cannot have, and to act rigidly on that admission. There is a thrift in pleasure as well as in money, and only on that basis can you long enjoy both, not allowing the greedy satisfaction of the present to rob you of the long security and comfort of the years to come.

BRITISH TASTE IN GIRLS' NAMES

THE names that the people of Great Britain like for their girls cannot be said to be a matter of first-rate importance, but nothing that human beings do or think is without interest, and we admit having read some testimony on the point with a good deal of curiosity.

The manufacturers of a certain popular chocolate, having adopted the picture of a

pretty girl as an advertising symbol for their product, got a little extra publicity by conducting a prize competition for a name to give her. Six hundred and twenty-eight thousand persons—a liberal representation of all classes of the British public—voted, and, extraordinary as it may seem, fifteen won capital prizes by presenting a list of the ten most popular names in the exact order of their popularity.

The list does not contain more than two that we should expect to find in a similar list in the United States. Phyllis leads all the rest—a pretty name, which has been sentimentally popular ever since the Greek pastoral poets gave it currency, but not, we should say, the choicest of all feminine names. Then in order come Grace, Elsie, Barbara, Patience, Prudence, Jane, Susan, Priscilla and Matilda. Truly a singular list, as astonishing for what it leaves out as for what it contains.

Where are Mary, Elizabeth, Margaret, Katherine, the beautiful names that English girls whether in palace or in cottage have borne for centuries, and that have acquired a wealth of sentiment and association that anyone would think should make them inevitable selections? Where are Helen, Lillian, Eleanor, Gertrude, Alice, Dorothy, Anne—names that are less historic in England than those first mentioned, but that, we should suppose, have good claims on the affections of English people? Where again is that peculiarly British favorite Maud or her hardly less insinuating sister Gwendolyn?

Who would have expected to find Patience, Prudence, Priscilla and Matilda in the list? If the competition had been held in the New England of the seventeenth century, they would indeed have been well up in the list of favorites; but in Old England of the twentieth century? It is astonishing! And why should Jane and Susan get in when Mary and Elizabeth and Margaret fail? We are pretty sure that that would not be the result in an American popular vote.

There are fashions in names as in dresses. In this country the tendency for some years has been away from the romantic and prettified names toward the dignified names that the women of our race have borne for centuries. The English list suggests a preference for the unusual, a turn not exactly toward the empty music of the artificial, but toward the names that have at least some flavor of novelty. The taste it discloses is unexpected, but, as human experience long ago observed, in matters of taste argument is useless.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES IS WORTH

ALTHOUGH the Census Bureau deals in long rows of monotonous and confusing figures, its reports are usually worth examining, for behind the figures are facts and conditions that are not only interesting but highly important. The bureau has lately issued a bulletin on the national wealth in 1923 that contains material for careful study.

The total wealth of the country is set at \$320,803,862,000, an increase of 72 per cent since 1912. But at least a part of that increase must be charged to the rise in prices, which has swollen inventories and tax values without there having been any real increase in the fundamental wealth that those values represent. It appears, therefore, that the increase in wealth for the past ten or twelve years has not been nearly so great as it was in the years immediately preceding, for between 1904 and 1912 the wealth of the United States increased by 74 per cent, though there was then no marked rise in prices.

Somewhat less than half of that enormous sum of three hundred and twenty billions represents taxable real estate; six per cent stands for properties that are tax exempt, about five per cent for manufacturing machinery and equipment and six per cent for railways. Motor vehicles are worth \$4,567,407,000—almost as much as the value of all the street railways and more than twice the value of all the telephone and telegraph lines. Livestock is worth \$5,807,104,000; agricultural products are estimated at \$5,465,796,000 and manufactured products at \$28,422,848,000.

Of course New York is the richest of all the states. Its wealth is put at more than thirty-seven billions. Following in order, the next richest states are Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, California and Massachusetts. But more interesting than the wealth itself is the way in which it is distributed. To see how it is divided let us look at the amount per capita

credited to the various states. By that test Nevada with a per capita rate of \$6998 leads all the other states. That is no doubt because it has a small population in a vast domain that contains a great amount of mineral wealth. But, even thus explained, the statement must be still further examined, for probably a large proportion of the resources of the state are owned by non-residents, and it is not likely that the citizens of Nevada are on the average more than twice as well off as the citizens of New York. It may well be, however, that there is less poverty there even in proportion to population than in the older industrial states of the East.

The per capita wealth for the entire country is a little less than \$3000. The Southern and the South Central States tend to fall below that average, and so do Maine and Vermont in New England; but the states with the highest per capita rate are not the great industrial commonwealths. In New York the rate is \$3436, in Pennsylvania \$3187 and in Massachusetts \$3243, but in Iowa it is \$4274, in Nebraska \$4004, in South Dakota \$4482, and in the Pacific Coast states, California, Oregon and Washington, it is nearly as much.

The statistics show that there is a high degree of substantial wealth in the regions where there is the greatest dissatisfaction with existing conditions. The trouble is that the conditions at present tend to decrease inequitably the returns that that wealth produces.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

MR. C. A. STEPHENS

will contribute to approaching numbers three of his characteristic tales of the Old Home Farm. All of them, as it happens, centre round familiar farm animals.

THE DOWNFALL OF LITTLE DAGON

relates the mischievous pranks and perplexing death of a young bull.

HOW WE BROUGHT HOME QUEEN TOMYRIS

describes and makes you love the beautiful Morgan horse that neighbors of the old squire's family go to Vermont to get.

CEPHAS TYRANNUS

was a goat that, as his nickname indicates, was arrogant and "bossy" to an intolerable degree.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE parliamentary elections in Germany disclosed a movement away from the moderate parties toward the Monarchists on the one hand and toward the Communists on the other. The Nationalists and the party of Ludendorff, which are strongly opposed to the existing Socialist-Republican government and to any reasonable composition with the Allies, gained a number of seats and in combination with the Communists, who are equally hostile to the government, control a large minority of the new Reichstag. Fortunately their gains were not sufficient to overthrow the bloc that stands behind President Ebert and Chancellor Marx; if the Socialists, Clericals and Republicans of the Centre continue to act together, they can still command a majority. As usual, a great number of votes were thrown away on little group parties that have no standing in practical politics. Some estimates put the number of such wasted votes at a million. The encouraging thing about the election is that it keeps in power a government that is apparently disposed to accept the Dawes report and to move toward peace and economic stability rather than toward either communist or monarchist counter-revolution.

LAST month there were interesting celebrations of the centenary of the death of Lord Byron both in England and in Greece. In England it was the poet that was

honored with appropriate dignity; in Greece it was the politician and the soldier that received ovations. The Greek post office issued two commemorative stamps, there were great popular meetings at Athens, and at Missolonghi, where Byron died, there were impressive ceremonies and the guns of attending warships fired salutes. As a poet Lord Byron is variously regarded, but his conduct in the war for Greek independence merits all praise. His admirers have long urged that a memorial be erected to him in Westminster Abbey. Their plea has never been allowed, but in the city of London there stands a most unusual and interesting memorial to him. It is a building for business offices erected by an eccentric Scottish admirer of his. Every flagstone in the entrance hall is inscribed "Byron, Pilgrim of Eternity." The marble blocks that form the walls of the lobby bear verses from his works or words in appreciation of his genius from other men of letters. There are numerous tablets and medallions on which portraits of Lord Byron or tributes to his memory are engraved. Altogether it is a building and a memorial like no other in the world.

THE government of the new Greek Republic has proposed to send over to the United States for public exhibition the famous Hermes of Praxiteles, which is perhaps the most interesting piece of statuary in existence. It is the only remaining original work of the great sculptors of Greece—unless indeed the chisel of Phidias was actually employed on some of the Elgin marbles that were removed from the ruins of the Parthenon. But on that point we have no evidence, whereas the Hermes has been satisfactorily identified as the actual work of Praxiteles. All the other famous statues that have come down to us from the antiquity of Greece are only copies. The offer is made in gratitude for the generosity that the United States has shown to Greece and to the Greek refugees from Asia Minor. Mr. Henry Morgenthau, our former ambassador to Turkey, is especially interested in having the proposal carried out, but there will naturally be much opposition to exposing so valuable an object to the risks of transportation twice across the ocean and over thousands of miles of railway.

CHILD'S Bank, the oldest private bank in England and probably the oldest in the world, is soon to be absorbed by another financial institution of London. The bank was founded in 1560 and for 364 years occupied the same site in Fleet Street. Those who have read Dickens's Tale of Two Cities will remember Tellson's Bank in that story; Child's Bank was the original of Tellson's. The list of depositors contains many famous names, among them Oliver Cromwell, Samuel Pepys, John Dryden and Horace Walpole.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has vetoed the Bursum bill, which was drawn to add some \$58,000,000 a year to the pension list. The President vetoed the bill on the ground of necessary economy and also on the ground that the present pension legislation was sufficiently liberal. In the discussion of the bill the public was reminded that when James A. Garfield was President he expressed the conviction that the pension expense was then—in 1881—nearly or quite at its maximum. In that year pensions cost \$50,000,000. Last year Civil War pensions alone cost \$238,000,000.

THE rather fragile alliance between the Liberals and Labor that keeps Mr. MacDonald's government in office has been strained by the refusal of the Labor party to support the Liberals' project for proportional representation. The bill that proposed the change in the electoral system was beaten by a decisive majority. The Liberals advocate it as reproducing in Parliament a division of votes almost identical with the proportions of the total vote cast by the different parties. The Conservatives and the Labor party object on the ground that it will prolong indefinitely the present deadlock and prevent any party from getting a clear working majority in Parliament. Both those parties hope sometime soon to get such a majority. The Liberals apparently do not look forward with much hope to that result and would like to be assured of keeping the influence that is now theirs as the make-weight between the party of the Right and the party of the Left.

Ingersoll



for GRADUATION

IF you are to graduate this year, it won't do any harm to toss out a hint that you'd like an Ingersoll.

All boys and girls have Ingersolls coming to them; and Graduation is a good time to get them.

See the complete line of Ingersolls at any store that carries them. You are sure to find just what you want.

New Improved

YANKEE

More men and boys use the Ingersoll Yankee than any other watch. Sturdy, reliable, good-looking. It carries a sound guarantee. \$2.00
Canadian Maple Leaf, \$2.00

Yankee Radiolite

The New Yankee, equipped for telling time in the dark. Convenient under the pillow at night; and for nursing mothers, sportsmen, motorists, etc. Canadian \$3.00
Maple Leaf Radiolite, \$3.00



Midget

For women girls and small boys. Guaranteed movement; solid nickel case. With Radiolite dial \$4.25
\$3.50
In Canada \$4.00

Other Models up to \$10

Every Boy Needs an Ingersoll for Vacation Work and Play



When grandfather was a little boy

EVERY fall there would come a day when his mother would say to his father, "John, it's time to see about the children's shoes."

Shoes were matters to reckon with in great-grandfather's family. As in many other families of the countryside, calves had to be killed and skinned. The skins were taken to a tannery across the river, and in due time young John would set off with the leather to the cobbler to have his measure taken.

Old Sam, the cobbler, was a friend of the family. They knew him. They knew his work. They knew the quality of the leather they had furnished him. They could have estimated pretty accurately the time young John's shoes would wear him.

Those days are gone forever. No longer do you know personally the makers of your shoes. Your clothing, your food, your furniture, your household utilities are produced by men and women you will never see.

That element of confidence, however, which in former days came from personal contact of neighbor with neighbor and friend with friend is still present.

Nowadays, advertising is the bond between manufacturer and consumer; between merchant and patron.

Through advertising, maker and dealer build with you their reputations.

Through advertising, they make a bid for your friendship.

To them, your friendship is essential, and to assure it, they see to it that their goods are as advertised.

By reading advertisements, you know where and what you can buy with confidence.

In buying advertised goods the element of risk is removed

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE SECRET

By Pringle Barret

They say that almost anything
Is apt to happen in the spring.

I sometimes wonder if they
know,
Or if they only think it's so.

It's true that when we are
asleep
Up through the earth the flow-
ers creep,

Must know the secret. It might
be
That he would whisper it to me

If I came very, very near
And strained my ears enough to
hear;

Because they say that any-
thing
Is apt to happen in the
spring.

PRIDE HAS A SCARE

By Nancy Byrd Turner

MISS BETSY CHIPMUNK was al-
ways humble-minded until one day a
wealthy cousin of hers gave her a
flowered silk dress and a befeathered bonnet.
That turned her head completely. She took
to dressing up in the gay costume and stroll-
ing out with many foolish airs; and as she
walked along she practiced many fine little
speeches and gestures.

"For, doubtless," said she, "I shall soon
be going into society now."

One morning she halted under a small
rosebush and looked carefully round. There
was no one in sight; the rest of the wood
people were hard at work earning their
living. "Which I haven't time to do just
at present," Miss Betsy said to herself.

Tossing her head so hard that the feathers
trembled, she took several dainty steps
forward. Then she fluttered her lace hand-
kerchief in a genteel way and took several
backward steps, which brought her under
the rosebush again.

"Ah, good morning!" she said in a clear,
high pitched voice. "You are well, I hope?"

Now that was just silliness, for there was
not a soul anywhere near, so far as she knew.
After a little more talk she practiced a
dance; then she sang a song, not at all in her
natural voice and with many smirks and
nods.

"A-a-ahhhh!" she quavered. "Tra-lara-
lara-la!" she trilled.

The last note was such a high one that
she had to stand on her tiptoes to get it out.

As she settled down again she thought,
"My feather must have scraped a branch;
the whole rosebush is shaking."

But it was for a quite different reason that
the bush was shaking. Just after Betsy
arrived a plump chickadee had alighted on
the topmost spray. He had been so much

interested in her peculiar actions that he had
forgotten to say a word. Then, when she
tiptoed to take the high note, he had been
so overcome with laughter that he had
shaken the bush.

Presently she trilled some more and
bobbed and minced some more and was alto-
gether too foolish for words.

"Whatever can be the matter with her?"
Tom Chickadee said to himself. "I've never
seen her act like this before."

Miss Betsy stopped for breath and looked
carefully round again. Then she pretended

that she was meeting a
duke or something. Pull-
ing back her skirts she
made a low curtsy.

"Good day, my Lord
Duke," she said.

That was almost too
much for Tom Chickadee.

Miss Betsy went on
making a goose of herself.
"Such cool, sweet air, my
Lord Duke," she said. "It
braces me up, it calms my
nerves, it—"

She never finished, for
at that instant Tom
Chickadee slipped entirely
off the branch. Of course
he spread his wings as he
slipped, and one of them
knocked Miss Betsy's
feathered bonnet sidewise.
She gave a shrill scream
and jumped at least a foot
into the air.

"What was that?" she
squealed.

Tom hurried round in
front of her. "Only I,
Miss Betsy," he chirped.
"It is Miss Betsy Chip-
munk, is it not?"

Now Tom knew Miss
Betsy's face as well as he
knew his own name, and
when he said that she
hung her head.

The chickadee shuffled
his feet and rolled one
eye. "Where is my Lord
Duke?" he whispered.

Betsy's shamed head
drooped lower still.

Then all at once the
little chickadee began to
laugh so hard that his fat
chest swelled. Suddenly a
button flew off his waist-
coat and hit Betsy square
on her forehead under the
velvet bonnet.

That made her forget
how shamed she was, and
they laughed together.

And from that time on,
whether she wore flowered
silk or simple everyday
fur, Betsy Chipmunk was
her old sensible self.

Altogether too foolish for words



The little spring and summer play,
The Planting of the Trees, that ap-
peared in the Children's Page in
February, 1922, proved so popular that
we have reprinted it in pamphlet form
with the music and with suggestions
for the stage settings and the costumes.
On receipt of fifteen cents in stamps
the Editor of the Children's Page will
be glad to send the pamphlet to any
address.



ELEPHANT BOUQUETS

By L. J. Bridgman

When an elephant strays from the Zoo
In our gay, orchard-blossoming days
What more natural thing could he do
Than mistake the young trees for
bouquets—

Bouquets that are ready to pick,
With their handles stuck deep in the
ground?

Of course he would gather them quick
And run home to show what he had
found.

WHAT BETTY BLIND- EYES FOUND

By Claribel Weeks Avery

MISS WINSHIP'S pupils were trying to
find and list as many wild flowers as
they could during the spring term of
school. There was much rivalry among the
boys and girls to see which one of them
should be the first to find a new flower.
So far little Elizabeth Marshall, the young-
est child in school, had found none, and so
the other children called her "Betty Blind-
eyes."

"Now, Betty, keep your eyes open!"
said her big sister Lois as the two started for
school in the morning. "Perhaps you will
find a flower this time."

"I will," Betty promised seriously.
But she was not able to keep her mind
long on any one thing. She was soon dancing
along the road, watching the sheep in the
fields or the clouds on the mountain. Then
Lois or one of the other children would dart
to the roadside and come back with some
small blossom that no one had found before
that spring. Betty could see only dandelions
and violets, which grew everywhere and
had been listed long ago.

"O dear! I am afraid you really are a
'blind-eyes,'" said Lois.

But one May morning Betty lingered
behind her sister on the way to school and
slipped in just as the bell rang. As soon as
the morning exercises were over she held
up her chubby hand.

"Well, Elizabeth?" said Miss Winship
pleasantly.

"I've found a flower!" announced Betty
in an important tone. "A new one."

"That's good; where is it?" asked the
teacher.

"Up the road on a bush," replied Betty
gravely.

"But you should have brought it in, so that I could tell its name."

Betty looked worried. "It's a big, pink flower," she said.

"I can't tell by that. You run out and get it."

"No, Miss Winship," answered Betty, "I can't pick it."

"Do you mean that you can't reach it? Then I will send a taller girl with you."

"No, it can't be picked," insisted Betty. "Nobody could pick it."

"Couldn't I?" asked Miss Winship, smiling.

Betty shook her head decidedly.

"Then you will have to show it to me at recess," Miss Winship was curious to see the flower that couldn't be picked, and so were all the pupils too.

"Perhaps there is a hornet's nest near it," one boy whispered to another.

At recess when Betty eagerly led Miss Winship up the road most of the boys and girls followed them. Not far from the school-house stood a tall mountain laurel on which was a single spray of pink flowers. No one except Betty had noticed it; but it was not out of the reach of any child that should stand on tiptoe.

"I don't see why that can't be picked," said Miss Winship.

"Look under the flowers," directed Betty, pointing her finger.

Miss Winship stood and looked—straight into the bright eyes of a red-capped chipping sparrow that sat on her nest just beneath the cluster of pink blossoms. She was so close that the laurel waved over her cozy little home like a rose-colored flag.

"No one can pick it," said Betty again.

"No one shall," Miss Winship assured her. "But you shall have the credit for the laurel just as if you had brought it in. You deserve a double credit for not disturbing the little sparrow."

"You're not such a 'blind-eyes' after all," said Lois and patted her little sister's curly head.

GRACE KEEPS STORE

By Zelia M. Walters

LAST summer Grace went to visit at her grandfather's house in the country, a mile from the nearest town, which was made up of a church, a school, a postoffice, a store, a blacksmith shop and half a dozen houses. The storekeeper, Mr. Appleton, was an old friend of grandfather's, and the first time that Grace went to the store he became a friend of hers too.

Sometimes when grandfather went to town on business he took Grace with him, and while he attended to the business he left her at the store. It was a most interesting place, and she was allowed to rummage round as much as she liked. What fun she had! She walked behind the counter where the peppermint sticks were kept and asked how much Mr. Appleton charged for a box of crackers and whether he sold many of them and where he kept the loaves of bread. She was doing it for fun. She did not know that the time would come when she would need to know all those things.

But the time did come. Grandfather had left her at the store while he went to the blacksmith's shop. She and Mr. Appleton were enjoying a little chat together when a

man came in and spoke to Mr. Appleton. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and he ended by saying, "You must come at once, Silas."

Mr. Appleton looked round at Grace and smiled. "Do you think you can keep store for a while, Gracie?" he said.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Appleton," answered Grace earnestly.

So Mr. Appleton went out and left Grace to keep the store all by herself. How grown up she felt as she walked up and down, looking at the goods on the shelves! She got the broom and swept round the door where people had tracked in dust or mud.

But no customers came. It was not a busy hour, for most of the people who bought things at that store were farmers who drove into town early in the morning or late in the day when their work was done.

"I want some one to come and buy something," thought Grace.

But no one came. Then Grace thought that she would go and ask them to come and buy. She started down the steps, but suddenly she remembered that she had promised to watch the store until Mr. Appleton returned. She must not leave it for a minute. Not that she thought there were robbers, such as she had read about in her fairy books; but just suppose a big black-whiskered robber did come for the money drawer! She must be there to tell him that he could not have it and to call for the blacksmith to come and help her.

Under the counter was a small hand bell that Mr. Appleton had once let her have to play with. She took it, went out on the steps of the store and rang it slowly and melodiously. The blacksmith came to his door and looked, several housewives looked out, the postmaster came to his door. All they saw was that Grace was on the steps ringing the bell; so they went back. But the children came across the road and stopped to see what was going to happen.

"Have you any pennies?" asked Grace. They searched through their pockets and found three pennies.

"I'm keeping store," said Grace. "Don't you want to ask your mothers if you can come in and buy some peppermint sticks?"

Ben and Tommy wanted to go in and buy the sticks without asking, but Grace said no. Children should never buy candy without first asking their mothers. So all the children ran home to ask, and in a few minutes there was a procession of them coming back. This time every one had a penny, and Grace did the largest business in peppermint sticks that the store had known for many a day.

Then there was Ben's mother at the door smiling and wanting a box of crackers. Grace knew that that was ten cents because she had asked Mr. Appleton. She sold it and gave her the change from a quarter. Then the blacksmith came in to buy a bar of chocolate, and a lady came to buy a spool of thread. So the store was very busy.

Presently Mr. Appleton returned. "O Mr. Appleton, I've sold the most things!" cried Grace.

"So you have," said Mr. Appleton. "I've heard how you were drumming up trade. I think, young lady, that I shall have to take you into partnership with me."

"I should like that," said Grace. "You and I would make a good pair of storekeepers."

NOT long ago the people who take part in the Passion Play at Oberammergau came to Boston. While they were here Mr. Andreas Lang, Jr., who takes the part of St. Matthew in the play, saw a copy of The Youth's Companion and became interested in the Children's Page.

"I like to make pictures for children," he said, "because I love children."



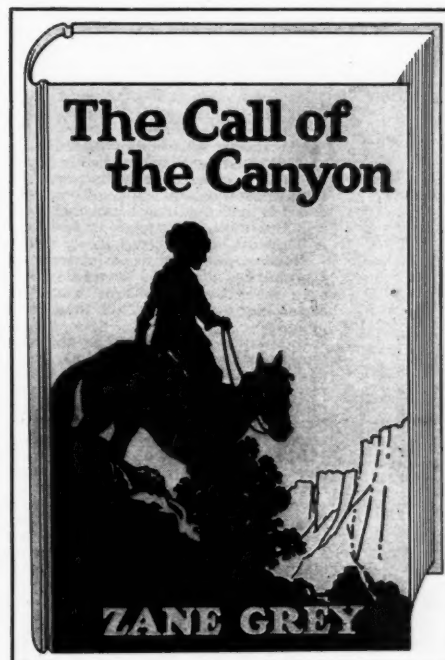
Suiting the action to the words, he made a few quick sketches of some of the children whom he knows and loves. Here is one that we want to share with you. Her name is Andrea; she is exactly five years old,

and she has never eaten waffles in her life. She doesn't even know what waffles are.

Next week we plan to show you another little sketch and later perhaps still more.

ZANE GREY'S NEW NOVEL THE CALL of the CANYON

Another "Zane Grey"—another great story of the West by the master writer of the Western story. With that amazing faculty for always going himself one better Zane Grey has made this an even more absorbing book than its predecessors.



OUT there where the sunsets flare red, and the eternal mountains loom, and lonely deserts stretch for leagues under the stars, out there in the quivering solitude of the Painted Desert lies Zane Grey's country, which we have learned to know in all its purple vastness and emptiness and romance through Zane Grey's novels.

No one has ever seen this country from a car window; it is beyond that range of peaks, where only the cliff-dwellers, the red men, and long years after-

ward, the bolder spirits of the white race have penetrated. A sweeping panorama, broken here by the rush of the Colorado River through its giant canyon, there by the uprearing of a peak which would seem to cast its shadow across the whole world—there is the setting for Zane Grey's latest novel, "The Call of the Canyon."

In "The Call of the Canyon," we have Zane Grey at his best—a story which in background, characters and incidents many hundreds of American readers have come to look for from Zane Grey—the kind of story which has made him the most popular living author in the world—the kind of Zane Grey story which is strong and gripping, about real, understandable people, against a background right here in the United States which is magnificent and extraordinary.

How Glen Killbourne and Carley Burch, his fiancée, find the lure of the mountains and canyons of Arizona a strange test for their love, makes a tale which the reader will follow breathlessly, with keen satisfaction, from the very start to the dramatic close. It is a thoroughly fascinating story written in the author's happiest vein.

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS BOOK FREE

Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion and we will present you with a copy of The Call of the Canyon, by Zane Grey, sending the Book to you postpaid. Regular price of the Book is \$2.00.

NOTE: The Book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BIRDS FOR SALE

By 
Nancy Byrd Turner

Three steps down from the street;
The window was gray with grime.
I went on stumbling feet
And scarce could see for the gloom
(It was all in the gay Springtime),
But over the threshold I heard
A start of wings in the room.

There, ranged around the wall,
A goodly company
Rose up one and all
And did me courtesy.

I knew not what to say—
The silence held unstirred
Till in a musty corner
A startling ventured a word.
A linnet took heart of grace,
Courage came to a thrush:
They spoke of a briery maze
And of four brown eggs in a bush.
A hesitant blackbird named
His home in an ivied oak.
A bunting faltered a phrase.
And out of the dingiest shadow
Sudden a skylark spoke:
"Is the wheat breast high in the meadow?"
That and nothing beside
Over and over he cried:
"Is the wheat breast high in the meadow?"

Then!—a stray wind opened the door,
A waif of country weather;
An old message it bore
From woods where rain had been,
Salt marsh and sun-sweet moor.
Spring came shouldering in;
They all sang together.

They all sang together
Of quickened sap in the sod,
Of flowers breaking the clod,
Of winds that slip their tether,
Of nests in secret places,
New green on old uplands,
New light on old heather,
Wings freed to wide spaces—
For those wonders seven
They offered praise to heaven.

Three steps up to the street
And into the luminous day
I went on hastening feet.
But it followed me all the way.
Resistless, outward flinging,
The eager anthem rang.
"Alleluia to April!"
I heard my brothers singing.
"Glory to God!" they sang.

A SOFT ANSWER

IT seldom pays to answer harshness with harshness. The person who speaks unkindly to us feels unkindly. He is sick or tired or unhappy or worried; or possibly some one has spoken unkindly to him. He needs to be not roused but calmed. To give a hard answer to a wrathful person is the height of folly. But "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

We were visiting a gigantic sawmill in Wisconsin. One of the filers took a large saw and, laying it on the bench, pushed it toward a grindstone. After he had finished grinding it he said:

"This saw is made of uncommonly hard steel, yet the grindstone I used is one of the softest in the entire mill. The atoms in hard steel are so compact that the surface is very smooth; you can find almost no inequalities in the surface of a hard-steel saw. In a measure that is true of all hard substances. Put a hard steel with its even surface to a hard piece of steel, and you can see what will happen—plenty of scratching and screeching, but no effective contact. The two hard surfaces repel each other. The saw of hard steel that is laid on a hard grindstone comes off imperfectly sharpened. But when the hard saw is laid on the soft stone the rubbing of the soft particles of stone against the hard metal breaks down the even surface and produces the edges necessary for sawing wood."

Almost daily the chance comes to us either to answer hardness with hardness or to defeat hardness by means of a soft answer. Instinctively we tend to pay folks back in their own coin, but the teaching of Christ is to rise

above instinct and to return good for evil. The soft stone is most effective against the hard steel.

ONLY IN PART

WELL, Adelle, here it is Saturday night again," said the brisk little woman who kept the one millinery shop in the village. Adelle was her only assistant and while she assisted at a moderate weekly wage was learning to make and trim and sell hats. "Time to close up. You have made a good job of that turban for Mrs. Willes, my dear. Now take this part of your week's pay and run along home." And she put the small roll of bills into the girl's hand.

Adelle saw at a glance that the bills amounted to the whole of her weekly wage. She looked up, puzzled. "You have paid me all you owe for the week!" she protested.

The little milliner laughed. "Maybe so," she agreed, "but not all in that bit of money. If you weren't getting more pay than that, you would be poorly off, child. But every day, every week, you are acquiring more and more skill in your work here. You are getting a lot of real satisfaction out of it too. You are fond of your work; I can see that. So I like to think that, although you are receiving only a small money wage, you are acquiring also the skill that will earn for you a good living later on and are having a daily share of the joy of work well done."

The worker, man or woman, who gets out of his job only the contents of the weekly pay envelope is poorly paid indeed. Yet from another point of view he is overpaid in money, for the worker who isn't so much in love with his work that he does it better every day and gets a large measure of satisfaction out of it is a poor workman. He probably doesn't fully earn the money in the pay envelope.

EVEN THEN A SOLDIER

AN Italian officer who won distinction in the Great War was in his boyhood the hero of an amusing incident. His chief fault then was that he would interrupt any one if he had anything he wanted to say himself. Our mother, writes Miss Lisi Cipriani in *A Tuscan Childhood*, repeatedly said to him: "Ritchie, you must never interrupt me when I am talking. Wait till I have finished and then say, 'At your convenience, mama, I have something to tell you.' Take time; learn to be polite!"

One day toward the end of the season my mother had taken Ritchie and me to the baths at Leghorn. The baths are built in piers and rotundas into the sea, and bridges connect the piers. Before the autumn storms begin the boards are taken away, so that only two long wooden beams and the railings remain.

I had crossed one of the bridges at a considerable distance from where my mother and some friends were sitting in a group and was watching a man who was fishing. Just as I left him and was about to cross the bridge on the beam he called to me that he had hooked a fish. I waited till the fish was safely landed and then started to cross. But so interested was I that I forgot that the boards had been taken away and, walking on as usual, fell into the sea.

Ritchie, who had been standing by me, rapidly crossed the bridge and ran to my mother. Taking off his cap, he stood politely beside her for some time, waiting till she had finished a rather long story that she was just telling. Then he said:

"Mama, at your convenience, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" inquired my mother approvingly.

"Mama, at your convenience, Lisi has fallen into the water."

"What!" cried my mother, jumping up.

"Has any one pulled her out?"

"I don't know," Ritchie replied calmly and politely, "but I did not interrupt your story—and she can swim!"

EARLY RISING IN ALASKA

THE story of the Early Risers that appeared in these columns not long ago reminds another reader of this amusing occurrence.

I was, he writes, a member of Garrison's camp, prospecting for copper in the wilds of Alaska in the early summer of 1907. We had established our camp along the Kuskelana River near the foot of the glacier of the same name. After finding several fair copper prospects we commenced to tunnel into the mountain, working the day and night shifts alternately. One morning when the boss called out the day shift some one noticed that we were starting to work at half past six instead of seven o'clock. The time by the boss's watch, however, was seven o'clock, and the other men set their watches to agree.

Six times during the summer months the same thing occurred, yet no thought except that our watches needed adjusting ever occurred to us. We were on the main trail and only seventy-five miles from the great bonanza copper claim on the Nisina River, where almost thirty million dollars' worth of the richest ore in the world lies as a cap on the top of a mountain, and the Guggenheim employees and free prospectors passed our camp repeatedly.

They seemed never to pass during our meal time, and when we ate our breakfast and walked over to a neighboring camp several miles away we invariably arrived at their breakfast time or before it, and usually before it.

In late August we started to go out to Valdez, for we did not wish to be snow-bound for the winter. On our arrival we all found that, compared with Valdez time, our watches were just three hours fast.

The reason was plain. Garrison was of an exceedingly nervous temperament and was always complaining that he could not sleep after three o'clock in the morning. He had hit upon the expedient of turning back his watch thirty minutes six times and thus at last commencing the day at three o'clock, though we did not put in longer time by so doing. I believe that Mr. Garrison, who now is dead, should have the honor of being the first man to apply daylight saving in the mines of far-off Alaska.

THE VETERAN

(Capt. Frank C. Tilton in *Los Angeles Times*)

Gosh!
Can you imagine
ME
A veteran?
I ain't got
No wooden legs,
Nor white whiskers,
Nor nothin'.

Ever since
I was big enough
So maw could take me
To see the parade
On Decoration Day
I've heard 'em talk
Of veterans,
An' now
I'm one.

Somehow—
I always sort of thought
They was born
Thataway;
But now
I realize
That other war
Was fought by boys,
Same as this one—
An' they prob'ly was
Just as blue
An' homesick,
An' scared
As I was.

But, say!
Can you imagine
ME
Being a veteran
Of anything?

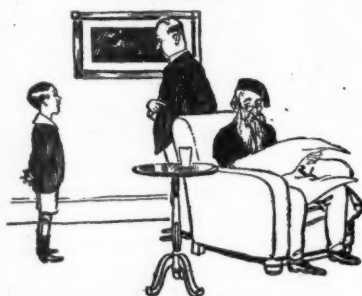
THE END OF THE MARIE CELESTE

THE case of the brigantine Marie Celeste has been called the classic mystery of the sea. For fifty years the mystery has remained unexplained, but now a writer in Chambers's Journal "reconstructs" the scene and offers a theory to account for the strange affair.

In December, 1872, he writes, the Marie Celeste with a cargo of alcohol was found adrift near the Strait of Gibraltar without a soul on board. The galley fire was still burning, and fresh food was spread upon the cabin table. A watch was ticking in the captain's room, and a considerable sum of money was in a drawer, but the chronometer and the ship's papers were missing. The jib and the foretopmast staysail were set; some sails and gear had disappeared, but none of her boats were gone. A smear of blood on one of the rails was the only evidence of violence. The official log had been written up to November 24; the slate log was written up to 8 A.M. on the 25th. The vessel apparently was abandoned on December 5.

Now a captain will risk his life in an attempt to secure his ship's papers, but not to save a chronometer. That is needed but for one purpose—to navigate a ship. In the second place the weather for the last three months of 1872 was exceptionally fierce; many large ships were abandoned at sea. In the third place, as has been said, the Marie Celeste carried alcohol. Keeping those facts in mind, we can imagine what happened. Thus—

LIKE PRZEMYSŁ, IT'S HARD TO SAY



"Father, what are ancestors?"
"Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another."
"Well, then, why do people brag about them?"
—Arthur Watts in *London Opinion*.

The officer on watch sighted an abandoned vessel, probably a steamer. He called the captain, and all hands were soon on deck. Here was the chance that all sailors talk of; a short run into Gibraltar and then a huge sum to be divided among them! Would the "old man" chance it?

He would! The mate with two men could take the Marie Celeste into Gibraltar and wait there. Most of the crew, including the captain, would follow with the prize. There was no need to lower a boat; the brigantine could be laid alongside. Thus the transfer was made; the last to leave was the captain with his wife and daughter and the ship's chronometer and all papers. A ringing cheer came from the steamer, and the sailing ship stood away on her course.

But it proved a fatal exchange. The steamer was strained; the crew proved too small for the task, and during a gale the water gained upon them. The prize was one of the loaded dice that Fate sometimes throws at men's feet. They played and lost.

Meanwhile the brigantine, stripped of all sail save that which two men can comfortably handle, is making steady progress. There is no hurry of course; they do not wish to wait for days in Gibraltar. One man steers for four hours at a time; the two others sleep within calling distance.

Thus she would have reached Gibraltar, but for her cargo of alcohol. I see the mate standing his trick at the wheel, oblivious of the stealthy removal of the forward hatches. I see a barrel broached, two men filling a couple of buckets and replacing the hatches and tarpaulin. They begin to drink; they grow quarrelsome and soon are at each other's throats. Then comes a cry of horror. One has loosened his grip, and his victim sinks lifeless to the deck. The mate releases the wheel and rushes forward, to be met with a blow on the head with a belaying pin. So two bodies are tumbled over the side, and the murderer turns again to the bucket. He exults, sings, raves, fights imaginary enemies and while crouching on the topgallant bulwarks, shaking his fists at the screaming gulls, leans too far, slips and is the last of the Marie Celeste's crew to die.

LIGHTING A MATCH WITH A PILE DRIVER

A PILE driver is about the last instrument on earth that an ordinary person would choose for lighting a match, but strangely enough the investigators of the Underwriters' Laboratories use pile drivers for that purpose. The pile drivers, we hasten to add, are miniatures only a few inches high and drop their tiny weights on the heads of matches to determine the force of the blow required to ignite them. In *A Symbol of Safety* Mr. H. C. Brearley thus describes how matches must be safeguarded:

Since, as has been said, every box of matches carries fifty potential conflagrations within its walls, and since approximately five hundred thousand matches are struck every minute in the United States alone, it is important to see that matches are surrounded with safeguards. Matches that strike only on the box, if they are to receive the approval of the Underwriters' Laboratories, must have heads made of a chemical stable compound the heat ignition point of which is above 340° F. Moreover, they must not ignite easily by shock, and the explosive character and the "fly hazard" during combustion must be reduced as much as practicable. The sticks must be of specified dimensions, strength and uniformity and must be treated chemically to prevent afterglow. Matches that strike anywhere call for even greater precautions and must be especially well safeguarded against ignition by shock.

ALAS, QUITE UNCIVILIZED

IF there is any doubt that the inhabitants of New Guinea are uncivilized beings, we need cite only their attitude toward paying taxes—which, according to the Argonaut, is as follows:

Travelers in New Guinea occasionally pick up good stories concerning native manners and peculiarities. A tax collector had an amusing experience when he was on his rounds. He had been to one village to collect taxes, and when he left he was met by the people of a neighboring village.

"What wrong have we done that we should be ignored by the government?" they asked. "Come, we have money; we will show it to you. The idea of those Kerepunu people paying taxes and we not! We are just as proud as they."

The tax collector had to pacify them by taking their money.

BY FEEDING THEM CRACKED CORN?

TWO small boys, says the Argonaut, once halted before a brass plate fixed on the front of a house whereon was inscribed in bold characters the word "Chiroprapist."

"Chirrupidist!" remarked one of them, perplexed. "What's that?"

"Why," replied his companion, "a chirrupidist is a chap what teaches canaries to whistle."



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's largest kennels and its famous breeds of Oorang, Alford, and specially trained as companions, watch dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers. Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.

OORANG KENNELS. Dept. H, La Rue, Ohio
PUREBREDS Collies, foxterriers, shepherds, bulls, setters, pointers, puppies. Any kind. Two months old. All same price. Males \$15. Females \$10. Order direct. Send money order.
DARNALL'S KENNEL Williamston, S. C.

PHEASANT EGGS We can supply eggs for hatching from over a hundred choice breeders of six varieties. Pheasants are hardy, beautiful and most interesting birds. Free instructions as to care, etc.
Twin Brook Game Farm, Box 154, Middletown, New Jersey

SCOTCH COLLIES Pedigreed show dogs or workers; Shipped anywhere
WELCOME ARCH COLLIE KENNELS, Henderson, Colo.

DOGS Hounds, Alfordals, Rat terriers, Bengies, Collies. On approval. 10c brings list.
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PEDIGREED Persian cats and kittens for sale, smoke-black and silver tabbies \$25.00 upwards.
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COLLIES for sale. Also book on training \$5c.
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STAMPS

SUMMER SPECIAL PACKET: Br. West Indies War 19c. A real bargain. A. C. DOUGLAS, Hawkebury, Ont.

PRECANCELS: 100 diff. East & West, 40c; 20 diff. Pacific Coast, 20c incl. one Harding or Victory. Hobby House, 410 W. Third, Long Beach, Calif.

DANZIG STAMPS FREE Fine Set Stamps from State of Danzig, 2 cts. postage. MIDLAND STAMP CO., Station E4, Toronto, Can.

FIRST STAMP ISSUED—Great Britain—1840—1d. black—\$1.20. R. H. A. GREEN, 421 Main St., Evanston, Ill.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c.
Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

To Serve—

To serve the American family has always been the objective of the publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The new Citizen Builder Covers

visualize the whole aim of The Companion, and we want to give them the widest field of service. In this we welcome the co-operation of our readers and shall be pleased to receive any constructive suggestions as to a special use of the messages on these Citizen Builder Covers. Some school teachers are using them on their school bulletin boards; others are displaying them in the office or the factory.

If these Citizen Builders can help to build better citizenship, they should be given every opportunity.

Tell us what you think of them. That will help.

Perry Mason Company
Boston
Publishers



STAMPS TO STICK

JUST as anyone puts aside soiled or frayed clothing, so the stamp collector should discard certain stamps from his collection, for he should have the same pride in the neatness of his albums as in his own personal appearance. A collection that contains no damaged stamps is the proper goal of the collector.

Thousands of stamps of a potential future value are destroyed every year through the carelessness of inexperienced collectors. Handle your stamps with care. If there is paper on the reverse side, don't undertake to remove it without soaking the stamp in water; the attempt is likely to create what is called a "thin spot" in the stamp, and that lessens and often entirely destroys its value. When the stamp has been hinged to its proper space in the album make sure that it is flat against the page before you close the album. Many stamps are ruined by being bent down and dog-eared by the weight of the pages when the album is closed. Only clean fingers should touch a stamp, and they as lightly as possible. Never use clips to attach duplicates, for the clips leave impressions that cannot be removed, and that lessen the value of the stamp.

The collector who puts only clean and perfect stamps into his collection gets more pleasure from it than the collector who sticks in everything that comes along. A worthless stamp adds nothing to a collection, and its presence offends the artistic sense. The eye of the true philatelist sees beauty in a page of clean, undamaged, lightly cancelled or unused specimens. On such a page one stamp heavily smudged or torn or creased stands out like a sore thumb. The real stamp lover will remove such a specimen and leave the space blank until he can obtain a copy as clean as the other stamps on the page.

Torn, creased, wrinkled stamps or stamps with "thin spots" are not the only ones to be eliminated. One thing that appeals to collectors is the beauty of designs of stamps. When a cancellation mark obliterates the greater part of a stamp that beauty is marred and perhaps destroyed. Such a specimen is not worth adding to a collection unless it is a recognized rarity. A stamp that is much off-center—that is, one with unequal margins—is also undesirable.

It is worth the beginner's while to examine all his duplicates and compare them with the stamps that he has already placed in his albums. He may find some that are in better condition and therefore better worth a place in the album. He should make sure that every new duplicate he gets is not better than the one in his book. In that way the collection will gradually improve in quality as well as increase in size.

THE French Olympic stamps have appeared in designs that differ from those that the French government announced in advance, and that on the basis of that announcement were described in a recent issue of The Companion. The 10-centime, reverse oblong, shows the laureated head, the shoulders and the outstretched right arm of an athlete. On the 25-centime, also reverse oblong, appears an allegorical figure of Paris and a winged Victory. On the 30-centime, upright oblong, a wrestler appears. The 50-centime, also upright oblong, carries the figure of an athlete. The stamps appeared on April 1 and will be on sale until July 31.

France plans to honor the memory of two more of its noted men—Ronsard, the poet, who was born in 1524, and J. Henri Fabre, the entomologist, who was born in December, 1823. Plans are being made for Ronsard and Fabre commemorative stamps.

Meanwhile the heavy depreciation of the value of the French franc has caused an increase in the postal rates. The foreign tariff has been advanced from 50 centimes to 75 centimes. The result is one or more new stamps, and several of the French colonies, where there have been similar advances in rates, have created 75-centime stamps by surcharging the new value on current stamps of lower denominations.

MORE commemoratives have appeared in Italy on a pretext that is perhaps unique. In July, 1824, the Italian official censors passed for publication the famous novel The Betrothed, written by Alessandro Manzoni, a noted Italian man of letters who was born in 1785 and died in 1873. It is proposed to publish a popular edition of Manzoni's works, and stamp collectors the world over are invited to help finance the undertaking by purchasing stamps issued in memory of Manzoni. There are six values—10 centesimi, brown-red and black; 15 centesimi, blue-green and black; 30 centesimi, black and slate; 50 centesimi, orange-

brown and black; 1 lira, blue and black; and 5 lire, violet and black. On the four lower values are shown scenes from Manzoni's novel. The author's birthplace appears on the 1-lira, and his likeness on the highest value. Sets were placed on sale for a limited time at some of the post offices so that some of the stamps might actually prepay postage, but most of the stocks were turned over to a syndicate that is selling the sets in mint condition to collectors in Italy and in other countries, largely through dealers.

Italy is to have an entirely new series of charity stamps of various designs. They include the Italian crown and shield, the head of a female surmounted with a crown, and Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf. There will be eight values, ranging from 5 centesimi to 5 lire. Each stamp bears the date 1924 and an inscription indicating that the money derived from the sale of the series will be devoted to the welfare of soldiers disabled during the Great War.

THE philatelic eagle is restored to Germany. An early symbol of German militarism, the eagle last appeared on the series of stamps issued in 1889. Later came, from 1900 to 1920, stamps with the militaristic "woman in armor." Designs typical of labor, including agriculture, appeared on the issues of 1921 and 1922; then came the deluge of high values and surcharges caused by the depreciation of the mark, and after that the low values expressed in terms of the newly created pfennig. The eagle on the stamps of 1889 was crowned. The eagle on the stamps of 1924, just issued, has no crown, but its claws are longer, and it has the same protruding tongue. It is printed on a solid background of color. The inscription *Deutsches Reich* is in two uncolored lines below, and the denomination appears at the top.

Germany meanwhile has issued another series of *Deutsche Nothilfe* (German emergency relief) stamps—5 plus 15 pfennigs, blue-green; 10 plus 30 pfennigs, scarlet; 20 plus 60 pfennigs, blue; and 50 plus 150 pfennigs, chocolate. The designs represent respectively the Hungry, the Thirsty, the Naked, the Sick, the Disabled, and the Sick Restored. The first value of each is the face value; the lowest value, for example, sells for 20 pfennigs but, prepaying only 5 pfennigs' worth of postage, supplies 15 pfennigs for charity. The designs show St. Elizabeth in the charitable actions already enumerated. They are taken from the famous paintings that Moritz von Schwind produced in 1854 when the Grand Duke Carl Alexander began to restore the noted Wartburg Castle, which appears on one of the recent German pictorial stamps. Elizabeth was born in 1207, and after the death of her husband she and her children gave up Wartburg Castle, where they lived, and the mother devoted the rest of her life to deeds of charity. Her body lies in a silver sarcophagus in Elizabeth Church in Marburg.

LORD BYRON, the poet, died in Greece in 1824, and the Greek government is issuing two centenary stamps in his memory. They appear not merely because the poet died in Greece, but because he rendered important services to the Greek revolutionaries who were seeking freedom from the yoke of Turkey. Byron advanced large sums of money to pay troops, rebuild or repair fortifications and supply medical appliances; and through his efforts various groups of revolutionaries were merged into a single force that opposed the Turks as a unit. At one time he received an offer to be "governor-general of the enfranchised parts of Greece." In the midst of his work he died, at the age of thirty-six, and the Greeks caused his body to lie in state before they sent it back to England and proclaimed a period of mourning of twenty-one days. The new stamps are 80 lepta for domestic postage and 2 drachmas for foreign postage. Each bears the portrait of Byron.

JUST before Ahmed, Shah of Persia, was de-throned the Persian government issued six stamps of a new type with the Shah's portrait on each—3 shahi, red-brown; 6 shahi, gray-brown; 10 shahi, purple-brown; 12 shahi, carmine; 1 kran, blue; and 2 krans, blue and red.

URUGUAY has printed three airport stamps for the aeroplane mail service between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. They are 6 centesimos, blue; 10 centesimos, red; and 20 centesimos, green.

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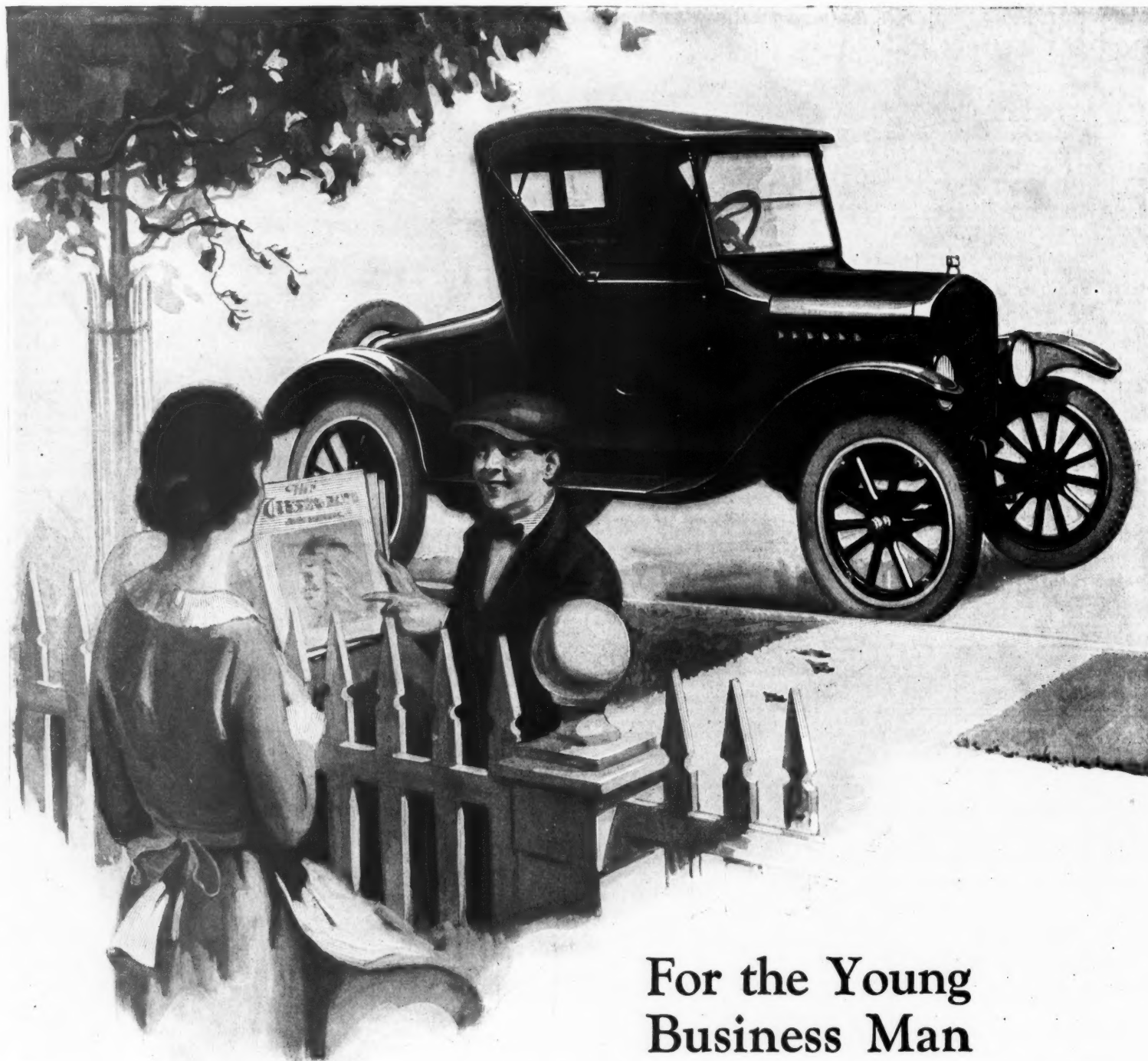
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